

NOVEMBER 28, 1924

The AMERICAN LEGION *Weekly*

VOL. 6. No. 48

10c
a Copy



Published weekly at New York, N. Y. Entered as second class matter March 24, 1920, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under act of March 3, 1879. Price \$2 the year. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized March 31, 1921. Legion Publishing Corporation, 627 West 43d St., New York. President, James A. Drain, 627 West 43d St., N. Y. C.; secretary, Russell G. Croviston, 627 West 43d St., N. Y. C.; treasurer, Robert H. Tyndall, 627 West 43d St., N. Y. C.

The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly

CONTENTS

Vol. 6 . . . No. 48

NOVEMBER 28, 1924

Cover Design

By V. E. Pyles

What Price Censorship?..... 3

By Alfred Harding

Daring the Razzberry..... 6

By Charles Somerville

Editorials..... 8

The Legion and World Peace.... 9

Jambon et Choux..... 10

By Wallgren

The Things That Count..... 11

By Frederick Palmer

The Red Arrow Emblazons a
Dark Trail..... 12

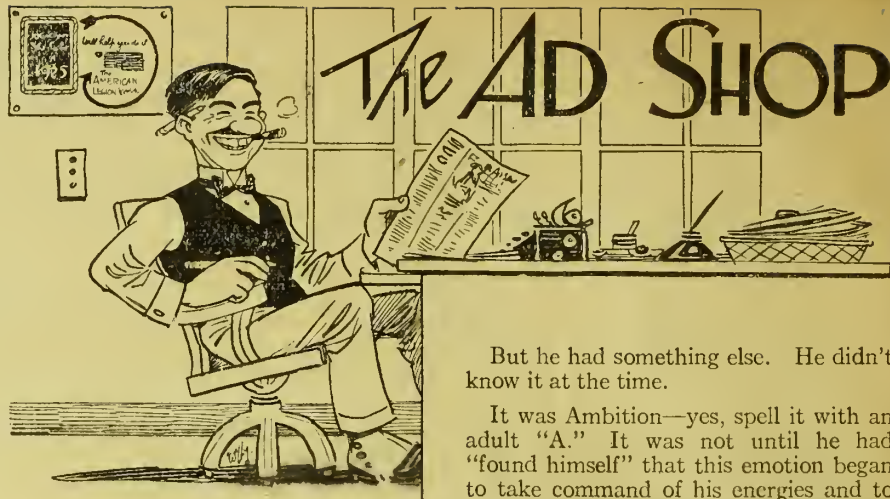
Taps..... 21

Bursts and Duds..... 23

Another BUCK O'DEE Story

A Heart Attack in Beautemps

Will Appear Next Week



GOING up!

See them hit life's rocky incline!

Pushing, tugging, smashing thro' obstacles, yielding not an inch without a fight, regaining and taking an extra stride for good measure, sweating but grinning in the joy of the struggle, striving, learning, planning, doing, getting—

Going up!

Today's clerk is tomorrow's assistant manager; that peppery young salesman is under the eyes of the boss—next month he'll have a more important territory; this boyish looking, smooth-faced surgeon has been called into consultation by gray practitioners; there a city bank has summoned a small town cashier to greater opportunities; a lawyer with a bright new shingle has won a lawsuit against a veteran pleader; over yonder a farmer has paid off his debts and can well afford to take the family out in his new touring "6"; a reporter has scooped the town and the "Old Man" has him in mind for big assignments; a bond salesman's total for the month is the talk of the Street; a young horseman with a likeable smile has crashed the screen and has been taken up by the movie fans; the grocer in the next block who started out on a shoestring has enlarged his store space; an unknown sculptor, who left a leg in France, has won the annual Academy competition; this novel by an author but recently obscure is being mentioned everywhere; there goes a young mechanic who studies nights, has nearly paid for his home, and is twice a proud father; here's an auto accessory which works, and it was designed by an amateur inventor; whoever thought young Rev. Jones would preach sermons good enough to be quoted in the press?

Going up!

And nothing can stop them, this army of doers of today who gained momentum on a job where things *had* to be done, done well and on the dot, when the forfeit for poor performance often was quick release from all worldly joys and sorrows.

The average veteran of 1918 felt that he was demobilized with nothing left but a uniform and an amazing appetite.

But he had something else. He didn't know it at the time.

It was Ambition—yes, spell it with an adult "A." It was not until he had "found himself" that this emotion began to take command of his energies and to assign new targets, greater objectives, sometimes seemingly unattainable goals.

It is gratifying to note at this time that the operations under Gen. Ambition have been mainly successful, and promise even greater gains over a long term of years.

Thousands of chaps have translated the phrase "dig in" into terms of civilian strife and their digging has uncovered veins of prosperity. Those who went "over the top" have since done a lot of effective climbing toward the top of professions and paying lines of business.

Everywhere in this land you'll find them, legionnaires, service men, everlastingly at it, always *going up*.

What this means for the advertiser in *The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly* may be indicated in a few lines.

This is the magazine of young American manhood, men who are practical idealists, materially progressive. Many at a comparatively early age have "arrived"—and are enjoying the fruits of command and superior achievement. Others are "getting there" every day.

Wants of *The Weekly's* readers are increasing because their buying power is growing. In the main their desire for comforts and conveniences centers about the home, for they are home makers. Their women folk read *The Weekly* because it interests them and stands for things they believe in.

The advertiser in *The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly* addresses a public which can now afford to indulge in everything from chewing gum to high-grade motor cars—a public unusually responsive to sales messages in its favorite magazine.

These readers are worth cultivating now, and in the future they can be depended upon to develop expanding tastes and greater buying capacity.

Going up! Start with us at **THE AD SHOP**, 331 Madison Avenue, New York City.

331 Madison Ave.
New York, N. Y.

(signed) *Buddy*
THE AD-MAN



The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly

BUSINESS AND EDITORIAL OFFICES
627 West 43d Street, New York City

The American Legion
Weekly is owned ex-
clusively by The
American Legion.



NOVEMBER 28, 1924

Copyright, 1924, by the Legion Publishing Corporation.

PAGE 3

What Price Censorship?



"This is the first time in six months I've had a real reason for fighting," declares the Marine captain (Louis Wolheim) to the Marine sergeant (William Boyd) in "What Price Glory?" The reason is Charmaine (Leyla Georgie), daughter of the proprietor of the village buvette and the only woman in the cast. The struggle between the two men, sworn enemies since early service days in China, for possession of the girl is the theme of the play

THE United States Navy is evincing an acute interest in the New York theatre. This interest does not extend to the theatrical situation as a whole. It is, in fact, limited to a single production—"What Price Glory?" a play of the World War by Laurence Stallings and Maxwell Anderson, an unquestioned success of the New York season.

The Navy's interest in "What Price Glory?" has not gone to the length of anchoring a battleship in the North River off Forty-fifth Street and training its guns on the Plymouth Theatre. Nor has a Broadway Expeditionary

By Alfred Harding

Force been dispatched to report that the Marines have landed and the situation is well in hand. But almost every other form of pressure at the disposal of the Third Naval District has been brought to bear to close down the show.

Charges have been lodged with the mayor of New York and with the United States attorney for the Southern District of New York complaining that "What Price Glory?" violates Section 125 of the Federal Statutes. That section provides that "it shall be un-

lawful for any person not an officer or enlisted man of the United States Army, Navy or Marine Corps to wear the duly prescribed uniform of the United States or a uniform any part of which is similar to a distinctive part of the duly prescribed uniform of the United States Army, Navy or Marine Corps; provided, that the foregoing provision shall not be construed so as to prevent any person from wearing the uniform of the United States Army, Navy or Marine Corps in any playhouse or theatre . . . while actually engaged in representing therein a military or naval character *not tending to*

WEEK BEGINNING MONDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 29, 1924
Matinees Thursday and Saturday

NOTE.

I am presenting "What Price Glory?" exactly as it has been given at the Plymouth Theatre for every performance, except for the elimination of three expressions that are used in the best families and by our noblest public officials.

ARTHUR HOPKINS.

ARTHUR HOPKINS
Presents

"WHAT PRICE GLORY?"

By Maxwell Anderson and Laurence Stallings

The producer's explanation of the excision of the naughty words which first drew official attention to "What Price Glory?"

The other example is "Rain," in whose cast are three Marines, two of them non-commissioned officers. One of these, Sergeant O'Hara, is so taken with the shopworn charms of Sadie Thompson that he goes AWOL, and plans desertion that he may provide her with a fresh start in Australia.

Neither the Navy nor the Marine Corps thought it worth while to protest against these unflattering representations of their personnel.

In general, it must be admitted, war plays, especially war plays of the United States military and naval forces, have tended to show that those forces were composed almost invariably of gentlemanly heroes, or, at worst, of good-hearted low comedians. "What Price Glory?" is not that kind of a play. It is concerned with a company of Marines in the zone of the advance and at the front in France. It is a hard-boiled, profane, unruly outfit of professional soldiers.

Its drill and discipline are the worst in the brigade, but there is no question as to its fighting ability. Captain Flagg, its commanding officer, is more profane, hard-boiled and unruly than his men.

INTO this outfit is transferred First Sergeant Quirt. Quirt and Flagg have been bitter enemies for a long time in many countries. Whenever they have met, whatever their ranks, they have fought and hated each other. Quirt as a sergeant in Cuba broke Flagg; later, in China, Flagg obtained a similar revenge. Now that they meet in France, although Flagg is a captain and Quirt is still an enlisted man, they see no reason why either that, or the fact that a war is going on, should interrupt their feud.

An immediate and personal cause for conflict is at hand. Both Captain Flagg and Sergeant Quirt fall for the voluminous charms of Charmaine de la Cognac, daughter of the local tavern keeper, and incidentally the only woman in the cast.

Thereafter the play is the story of the struggle of these two strong men for possession of the blowsy, unmoral French peasant girl. Any weapon



Corporal Kiper, played by Fuller Mellish, Jr., one of the typical enlisted men of "What Price Glory?" Mr. Mellish has advanced a notch in rank in the past six years. As a private first class in Battery D, 104th Field Artillery, Twenty-seventh Division (in which outfit he used his real name, Harold Fuller), he won a divisional citation by "carrying a message to the battalion post of command, a distance of two kilometres, through an enemy barrage and heavy gas concentration"

bring discredit or reproach upon the United States Army, Navy or Marine Corps."

It is the first time in the history of the theatre that this statute has been invoked for this purpose, although the Army, Navy and Marine Corps have figured in many stage plays previously.

There were two instances in the last theatrical season in which the uniform figured in an unfavorable light but in which the authorities raised no protest. In Puccini's opera, "Madame Butterfly," Lieutenant Pinkerton, clad in the most impeccable (from the gallery at least) of white uniforms betrays a trusting Japanese girl, and deserts her and their offspring. At one point in the play he calls for whisky, the English word being inserted in the Italian text.

But "Madame Butterfly," as one of the naval critics pointed out, is an opera, and an Italian one to boot. The people who hear seduction in Italian, it is argued, are not the casual theatre-goers who might drop in on "What Price Glory?" for the kick they might get out of a similar scene in English.



Admiral Charles P. Plunkett, who made formal complaint to the mayor of New York City following a derogatory criticism of "What Price Glory?" submitted to him by a mysterious "Inspector Peterkin," and Major General Robert Lee Bullard, who declined to interfere, telling newspaper men he did not see "how I could be concerned with the morals of your community"

available is seized. As Sergeant Quirt remarks: "In love and war everything that's dirty goes."

The objections to the play came from two directions. Certain officers and former officers of the Army, Navy and Marine Corps felt that a play based on an open struggle between a captain and his top sergeant for a French peasant girl was an insult to the uniform and all who have worn it. They declared that the lax discipline of Flagg's company reflected on the whole corps, and was certainly intended to convey the impression that here was a true picture of life in the A. E. F., especially since the program declared "What Price Glory?" "a play of war as it is, not as it has been presented theatrically for thousands of years." These critics were practically unanimous in admitting that the rough language to which others objected was not a marker to that habitually employed by leathernecks, to say nothing of gobs and doughboys.

Civilian critics, on the other hand, to whom the question of the use of the uniform seemed pretty academic, were shocked, or professed to be shocked, at the discovery of the number of naughty words and ideas picked up by the Marines.

The play made its New York debut at the Plymouth Theatre on the evening of September 5th and met with instant success. Before the end of the week it had become established as one of the hits of the season. Meanwhile complaints began to gather. Letters were received by Major General Robert Lee Bullard, commanding the Second Corps Area and the ranking army officer of the New York district, in which the writers complained of the alleged insult to the uniform. These



A hand of stud where the hole card may be death—Captain Flagg and Sergeant Quirt play for the privilege of giving the winner a free shot at the loser. The captain wins, whereupon the sergeant upsets the works, including the candle, and makes his getaway

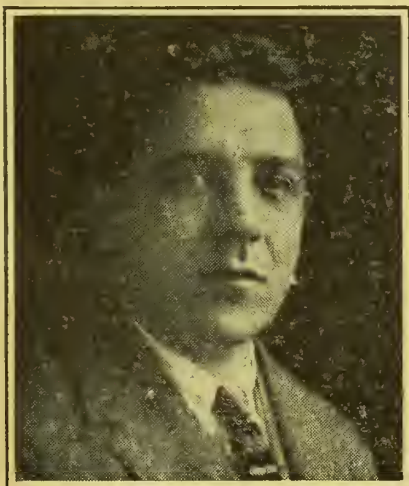
letters were turned over to Colonel James Justice of the Military Intelligence Division of the Second Corps Area. Following the well-known military channels, these letters were relayed to Captain C. L. Arnold, in charge of the Naval Intelligence Office of the Third Naval District.

Captain Arnold did not see the play, but a mysterious "Inspector Peterkin," whose identity has never been disclosed, reviewed it for the Navy Department and submitted a report to Rear Admiral Charles P. Plunkett, commanding officer of the Third Naval District. Further reference will be made to this report later. For the present it is enough to say that the "Peterkin" review was a severe arraignment of "What Price Glory?"

Admiral Plunkett did not see the

play either. In all this chain no one but the original complainants and "Inspector Peterkin" actually saw the production.

Admiral Plunkett shot the complaint to Mayor John F. Hylan of New York City. That very afternoon the mayor wrote to his Commissioner of Licenses, William F. Quigley, a letter in which he declared that "there is a very regrettable tendency upon the part of some producers to stage plays in which . . . obscenity and profanity are paraded. This has invited much criticism. The policy of some theatrical managers is to put on the stage anything that will be a box office draw whether it tugs at the moral sensibilities or not. Enclosed you will find a copy of objections to a play now running in this city. I wish you would call a conference of Admiral Plunkett, General Bullard and the Police Commissioner to see what can be done to eliminate the objectionable features complained of."



Laurence Stallings lost a leg in the war which gave him the background for his play

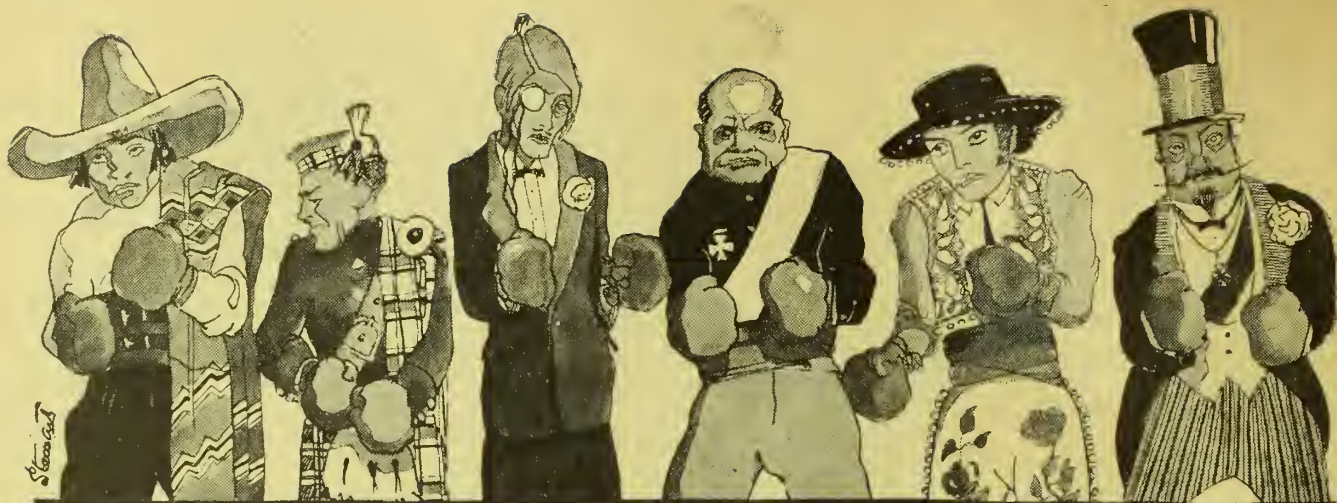


Maxwell Anderson, co-author of "What Price Glory?" with Mr. Stallings

THAT letter was written on September 23d, and the conference suggested was held the next afternoon. Admiral Plunkett was represented. Police Commissioner Enright was there. So were Chief City Magistrate William McAdoo, Jac M. Wolf of the Department of Justice, and Assistant Corporation Counsel M. Martin Dolphin.

General Bullard was not present and was not represented. He declined to be drawn into the discussion, and bitterly resented the fact that the mayor had dragged his name into the affair at all. Shortly after the mayor's letter was made public General Bullard declared to newspaper men: "I do not see how I could be concerned with the morals of your community. My only interest would be to see that no play

(Continued on page 14)



Latin American-Hoots-Too! My Word! Ecco! Ecco! Carramba! Sacre Bleu!

Daring *the* Razzberry

By Charles Somerville

THIS year marks the biggest invasion of foreign fighting men the American boxing ring has ever known. A whole flock of them has come out of Europe, South America and other parts hunting the world championship titles—all held in the United States—and the magnificently portly purses which go with 'em.

At the same time, however, these outside contenders in the game of biff, bang, swat and gore in advancing on the native lair of the scientifically studied and well-administered K. O. respectfully realize, everyone, that he is daring the razzberry. And looking the bunch over as they have recently boarded the country under the banners of France, Spain, England, Italy, Scotland, Mexico, Argentine, Chile and the West Indies, I think that is what, one and all, they are going to get. Not to make too giddily positive a prediction, you understand. For one of the chief elements of the boxing game as a fascination is its surprises, and by no means is any of the invading flock what you might justly describe as a lame duck. And they are all very eager and cheerful to be up and doing. No matter what happens, razzberry or no razzberry. For when a lad is to be rewarded for taking a nasty dose of medicine with a satchelful of gorgeous, golden United States doubloons, he can, I figure, school himself to regard an oncoming razzberry with an almost tolerant eye.

Of all the title seekers, the ring savants are giving the most serious consideration to that squad of foreign fighters known in their parlance as the "chili con carne champs." These connoisseurs of jab, hook, cross and swing when formerly they heard stories of boxing development and prowess coming out of South America used delicately to adjust thumb and forefinger to their nostrils and squeeze. But since Senor Luis Angel Firpo, the "Wild Bull of the Pampas," gave proof in his

battle with Mr. John Dempsey that, by golly, he was a sure-enough, real, large-sized, steam-breathing, wow bull and not the goat so many thought him, the top topic of the sport has been these same "chile con carne champs."

Also when Luis Angel got home all dripping with United States dollars in recompense for a sore jaw—no matter that it was a very sore jaw—a high cry seems to have swept across the basement continent of the Western hemisphere something to this effect: "Ca—rrrrrrramba! Behold! Up there in that *America del Norte* there is a fine, fat business for strong and willing lads!"

The swarthy, lusty boys down that-away (and, don't mistake, they raise 'em as lusty as they are swarthy) began expanding their chests, preening their muscles and wondering if—? They, also, no doubt, contemplated the possibility of the razzberry, shrugged their husky shoulders and said, "*No importe*—it doesn't matter. Think what Luis Angel got with his! Surely, fellow countrymen, a roll of money thick enough to choke a hippopotamus is to be considered ample padding for any shock to one's pride or person."

So up they have come and the high cry I spoke of must have whooped its way clear over the sea and wakened up old Spain. She stretched and yawned and sat up long enough to export Balsa and Bardelsino. These are two beetle-browed heavies who part their chest-hair in the middle as a natty feature of their ring apparel and rank as doughty if dumb.

The while from France has come back to us that so graceful and beautiful Georges, the Orchid Man, desperately seeking to prove himself not yet a faded flower. And with him that smackingly good bantam, Charlie Ledoux. "Take care of my beloved Italy while I am gone to win new honors in her name!" said (perhaps) to Mussolini a brawny lad named Ermino Spalla

as he set sail to show us what a spaghetti-bred bambino can do. And that thing snorting blue fire as it rounds the corner is Siki, the Cingalese, who trains on fizz, hooch and licking cops.

For a long time old John Bull hesitated about sending over any contenders. He was near to despair. He thought of the days of Mace, Hall, Ryan, Mitchell, Grippo and Bob Fitzsimmons, the wonderful Bob, dropped a tear over the recent fall of fine little Jimmy Wilde and decided that when it came to the matter of pugs he would decline to set up in the business of exporting lemons. But finally he got out the trusty fine-tooth comb and scraped up a few. Not so bad either. There's Ted Moore, a middle, who for five rounds surprised us all against the Grebs (including Harry) but then blew to bits. But more recently he has justified his invasion of the American ring by outpointing Morrie Schlaifer of Omaha, one of the niftiest youngsters in the game.

MR. BULL has sent us the most amazing flyweight ever seen in a ring also—as you'll agree when I tell you that this person, Frankie Ashe, is a flyweight who is six feet one inch in height. And, as you may suspect, about as wide as a piece of wire. Erney Izzard, a feather of some class, and Young Mason, a lightweight who is a very pretty boxer, complete the English quota. Still, this doesn't change the fact that these are woefully slack days with John Bull in the production of high-grade scrappers. 'Is case his close to pitiful—'im as cradled the bloomin' sport, bless 'is eyes! A lone hoot mon has come out of Edinburrrrrra' in the person of Luke MacAdam, a feather. The West Indies is represented by the sable-skinned Jamaica Kid, who has been here acting as a sparring partner in champion and near champion fighting camps long enough to have become ac-

climated and is now starting out in an attempt to bump off some of the big fellows on his own account. Mexico—I nearly forgot that champ. And I'm afraid I'll have to ask you to forget him, too. For it seems the tiny laddie—he is six feet six and weighs 346—wandered over the border one day and did so much talking of the murders he would perform in the ring when he struck New York that some soldier boy wearied of it and wopped him back across the border, where the Mexican champ has renewed training and is taking added instructions.

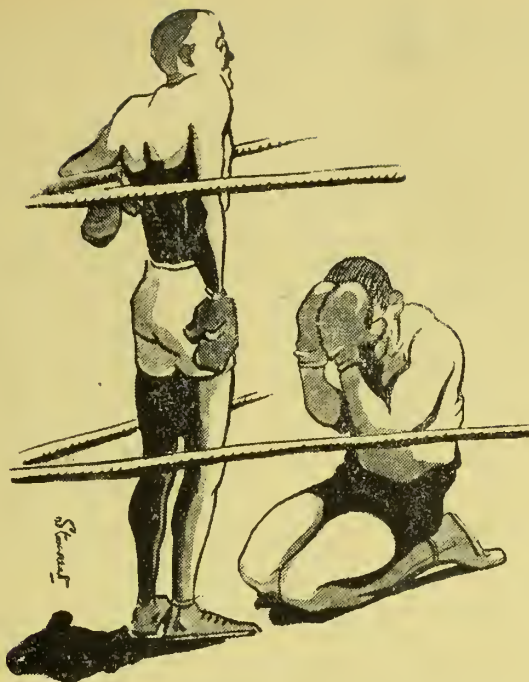
BUT, as before stated, it is the South American mittboys the fighting experts are looking over most intently. These are the only ones thought to be worthy of giving our aristocrats of the Order of the Cauliflower Ear the jumps of uneasiness. And they are. And are going to become much more so. Not immediately perhaps, but in about five to ten years from now some champ of ours is going to start out to eat one of the chili con carne demons alive and find a red pepper, one of those hellishly hot ones, stuck in his craw.

For one thing, Firpo and later the two Chileans, Luis Vincentini, the lightweight, and Quention Romero-Rojas, the heavy, have busted sky-high our own insular notions of the Latin-American as a fighting man as told in the funny stories and pictures with their generals and soldiers always depicted as squat, physical degenerates, all bombast and hysteria, no stamina and no head.

Never was a brawnier, tougher-fibred human body seen in a fighting ring than Firpo's. Clumsy, awkward, only a half-taught boxer, yet capable of crushing blows and flashes of amazing speed for all his ponderousness. And what a heart!

I don't mind confessing right here the boob he made of me the night of his fight with Dempsey. There I was with a robust bet on Dempsey and giving odds a mile long at that, catching myself every once in a while cheering my head off for Firpo! And a bunch like me on all sides. None of us could help it who were sufficiently close to the ring to see intimately the magnificent exhibition of courage, of sheer will to battle, which the big fellow gave in those times when it would have been very easy to quit and nobody the wiser and his reputation little the worse for it. I mean in those times when he had been floored by the terrific short-arm clouts which have made Dempsey champion of the world.

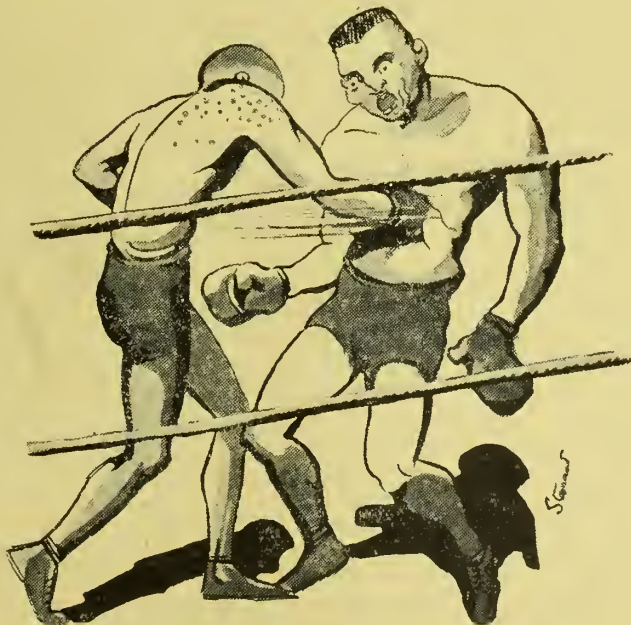
We'd see the flattened Firpo's eyes clear and his mind come back while yet the paralysis of shock held him helpless of arms, body and legs. We'd watch him first find his jaw muscles as he'd



Herr Placke, former wrestler in a Belgian beer garden, dropped to his knees and with his gloves over his face pleaded with Kid McCoy to stop hitting him

grind and grit his teeth and curse himself for not being able to get up. And pretty soon you could fairly see the waves of resolution traverse his big, writhing body and limbs and galvanize them once more into responsiveness. And never once when his feet were regained did anybody see him try to stall or refuse battle to Dempsey. Right back into it he went every time, even after he had become only too certain that every advance meant the torture of the short, grinding uppercuts which ripped and tore his mouth anew.

I was bad—a reporter losing himself



Bob Fitzsimmons quickly put a period to the career of a German champion, Baby Dunkorst, when he drove his right glove into the stomach of his opponent

that way. But what of Jimmy De Forest, who trained Dempsey for his fight with Willard and trained Firpo for all his preliminary matches in this country, Jimmy De Forest, the daddy of all trainers, only to be discarded by Firpo when his big match with Dempsey came—a little matter of about \$15,000 out of pocket for Jimmy—what about him? De Forest sat at my elbow with an old, wise eye that had seen five thousand ring battles. He remained, I'll admit, cool as a fish up to the time when the gong ended the first round—that great round in which Dempsey came within one second of putting Firpo out in the first twenty seconds of fighting only to have the "Wild Bull" retaliate by slamming him through the ropes and all but knocking him phooey for the count and waltzing off with his crown.

AS the round ended Dempsey's handlers and Kearns, his manager, were half-crazed with anxiety and wildly excited. But they did their business of caring for their man swiftly and well in spite of that. The swivel stool was snapped into place the instant Jack's unsteady feet brought him to his corner. A wave of iced water to the back of his neck brought the champion back out of cloud-land in one big slam. They had his arms stretched on the ropes, his legs under massage, his mouth under flushes of water and ammonia fumes to his nostrils faster than you can read of it here. They were gibbering, sputtering, wild-eyed, these handlers, but a second sense kept them expertly on their job.

The while De Forest and I had also been keeping an eye on Firpo to see how he was getting along in his corner. His amateur seconds were jabbering loud cries of adulation and esteem to Luis Angel, but forgetting to shoot the stool into the ring for him to rest on. They left him standing for at least ten seconds before they thought to offer him a seat. They swabbed his lips with a tiny, inadequate water-soaked sponge, their hands shaky and clumsy. When the big fellow opened his mouth and stuck out his parched tongue for a good, big, refreshing flush of cold water, all he got was a little lump of ice popped so far into his throat that he swallowed the lump whole! They were just beginning to discuss the advisability of sponging off his head and neck when the gong called him back to face Dempsey.

AND in this time, Jimmy De Forest, the "fish," Firpo's discard, was on his feet yelling "Water, you boobs! His mouth—lots of it. Tell him to lay back and stretch his arms on the ropes and breathe—breathe, breathe! Don't let him sit hunched up that way.

(Continued on page 17)

EDITORIAL

FOR God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to Constitution of The American Legion.

The Legion's Campaign for a Universal Draft Law

II. The Drive Begins

THE last National Convention of The American Legion at Saint Paul directed that the passage of the Universal Service Act, more widely known as the Universal Draft, be made a prime order of Legion business at the next session of Congress. This session convenes on December 1st. The convention declared that the enactment into law of this measure "will help insure our country against war and provide that in any future emergency there shall be no more slackers or profiteers and that we shall have equal service for all and special profit for none."

The Legion is not thus advancing to the field of Congressional action the most far-reaching legislative contest in its history without painstaking preliminary preparation. Such preparation is of great importance. More frequently than otherwise it spells the difference between victory and failure. The Legion has been engaged for three years preparing for the time when it should launch its active fight in the halls of Congress. It has canvassed every aspect of the tremendously involved question of a national military effort. It has sought the counsel and has collaborated with the most eminent specialists in every branch of that subject. It has taken advantage of independent studies made by the War Department, and these studies are still progressing. More than fifty specially qualified staff officers have been continuously engaged in these researches since 1921.

The result is that the Legion sponsors a bill which at the outset has the endorsement of the Secretary of War. This gives it valuable prestige for a piece of legislation in the pin-feather stage, which has the tedious route of progress through committees, sub-committees and conferences yet before it. The Legion bill is brief, simple, concise, explicit. It authorizes the President in time of war or when he deems war to be imminent:

1. To draft men for the armies, providing that there shall be no exemptions between the ages of twenty-one and thirty, or such other limit as the President may fix, on account of industrial occupation.
2. To take control of "the material resources, industrial organizations and services over which Government control is necessary to the successful termination of the emergency."
3. To "stabilize prices of services and all commodities declared to be essential, whether such services and commodities are required by the Government or by the civilian population."

Thus the so-called Universal Draft for war, which places at the disposal of the nation manpower for the armies, and labor and capital for the services of supply. Manpower for the armies is drafted as before, except more sweepingly. The slacker loophole of industrial exemptions is nailed shut. "Material resources" and "industrial organizations" may be taken over and controlled; that means capital. "Services" are taken over by the Government; that means labor. Prices of services are fixed. That means wages. Prices of commodities are fixed. That means the price the war contractor gets for his goods; it means control of profits.

The bill goes even farther. It would do away with the \$15 and \$20 a day munitions worker and the \$15,000 and \$20,000 a day munitions contractor—but it does not stop

there. It would also clip the wings of the soaring cost of living, which is so especially hard on the great run of the public which does not participate in the war profits either at the capital or labor side of the trough. Of course living costs are bound to go up in wartime and wages are, too. But they do not have to fly out of sight as they did during the last war. An application of the economic astringents which the Legion bill provides would take care of that.

This is the bill upon which the Legion will begin its fight. It will be introduced in the Senate by Senator Arthur Capper of Kansas and in the House by Representative Royal C. Johnson of South Dakota. The Legion, however, is for the realization of the principle of universal obligation and service in wartime on a non-profit-taking basis, regardless of what particular bill embodies this principle. Aside from the Johnson and Capper bills several other universal draft measures are being prepared for introduction, and if any of them is a better bill than the Capper or Johnson entries that fact will soon become apparent. The Legion will support any measure and all measures which will bring any nearer the realization of its aims to take the profit out of war and put all war service on a plane of equality with no price tag attached.

The trend of informed opinion favors the Legion bill because it has been so thoroughly worked out and because it is the result of the composite thought and endeavor of so many persons. But, whatever the bill, the drive for the principle has begun. It will be a great fight and possibly not a short one. It is a fight which, before it is concluded, will call for the support of every Legion post and of every Legionnaire. It is a fight which offers to the Legion and to all who will participate exceptional opportunities for distinguished service to the nation.

An Armistice Parade

EUROPE, weltering in debt and misery, throbbing with national jealousies and hatreds, placed flowers on the tombs of its unknown soldiers on Armistice Day. But of all the ceremonies on this November eleventh none was more compelling than the parade of the division of the living dead through the streets of Paris.

Not a drum beat. Not a trumpet sounded. Instead, the tramp of tired feet, the clumping of crutches, the creaking of wheelchairs, the silence of stunned crowds of spectators. There passed in broken ranks a regiment of the war-blinded, each groping man led by a child, another regiment of the armless and the legless, and a third regiment of those whose faces were so horribly marred by wounds that many wore masks. The living dead, men with beating hearts but sparkless souls—twenty thousand of them.

It is recorded that after the first moments of stifling silence, a tidal wave of emotion swept over the crowds and the well-clothed, well-fed and sound-bodied wept loudly and unashamed.

What wonder that those who fought the war, the organized veterans of the World War in all countries, lead in protesting the futility of war and seek to make war impossible? Perhaps as war loses its foggy glamour among those who have been reared on the old myths of glory, the world repentance and agreement will come in time to save Europe from bleeding to death.

Emperor Nero's bathing house, recently excavated near Naples, is six stories high. That's a long way to slip on a cake of soap.

Are our motion picture producers losing their imaginations? No one even suggested that the name of the film version of Dante's "Inferno" be changed to "Sinners in Cinders."

The Legion and World Peace

National Commander Drain, in a Letter to President Coolidge, Also Makes Clear the Organization's Position Regarding Preparedness, the Universal Draft Bill, and a World Court

IN a letter to the President of the United States, which Mr. Coolidge has made public, National Commander Drain has acquainted the chief executive with the views of The American Legion on world peace, and the steps the Legion has taken and proposes to take in the future to this end. The President also summoned Mr. Drain to the White House, where the two had a long conference on the subject of peace and on other subjects in which the Legion has an interest.

These events were initiated by Mr. Coolidge in a letter to Mr. Drain which declared that the spirit of peace should permeate the observance of Armistice Day and impress upon all that "humanity has far more reason for unity than for discord." The President's letter said in part:

"The inclusion of Armistice Day in the list of dates commemorating great events in our national history marked a significant change in our world relationships. Prior to that first Armistice Day which America greeted with such enthusiasm, our historic anniversaries had all been of exclusively national character.

"When, by common consent, Armistice Day was added to our calendar of memorial dates, it took its place as the one in whose celebration we will always be drawn closer to other peoples who stand for liberal institutions. Celebrated in many lands and by many peoples, it will remind them of their united efforts and common sacrifices in the bitterest crisis of civilization's history.

"It will always recall the fact that humanity has far more reason for unity than for discord. It will emphasize the common ideals and aspirations which must at last draw all men into fraternity and set their feet in the way of peace. It will give an impetus to the ever-growing conviction that hatreds are needless and that rivalries ought to be only in good works aimed for the general advancement.

"The growth of sentiment for the outlawry of war from this earth has been an impressive fact of recent time. Men and women everywhere have been giving their best thought to bring this end into full realization.

"We shall make our greatest contributions to human welfare if we shall on this international anniversary of peace restored turn our thoughts and endeavors to the ideal of peace perpetuated, assured and established as a universal benison."

The first intimation Mr. Drain had of the President's suggestion came when the above letter appeared in the newspapers on November 3rd. Mr. Drain arrived in Washington on other Legion business on November 5th, received an official copy of the letter and answered it. This was the letter Mr. Coolidge made public. It puts the Le-

gion on record as participating in the program pursued by the FIDAC, and it stresses the Universal Draft Bill, which the National Commander terms a peace measure. It announces the Legion's advocacy of an international conference for the limitation of armaments and of a world court to adjudicate differences between nations. But until these safeguards for peace are realized the Legion will continue to pursue its policy of military preparedness for national defense in the air, on land and on sea.

Mr. Drain's letter to the President follows:

"I have the honor to acknowledge your letter of November 1st and to say for The American Legion that your sentiments therein expressed as to Armistice Day are our sentiments.

"Before your letter reached me instructions had been sent to the more than eleven thousand posts of the Legion for the observance of Armistice Day. And in speaking of the appropriate ceremony suggested in those instructions, these words were used. 'It [the ceremony] proves that we are fighting as hard to keep the peace we so dearly bought as we once fought to win it.'

"Peace unescapably is the central thought and theme of Armistice Day. The eleventh of November, 1918, brought peace to a world which needed peace above all earthly things, save justice. No succeeding November 11th can pass without reflection upon this fact. Direly as the world needed peace then, it needs it no less now.

"The American Legion desires peace, and strives for peace, because the Legion's opportunities for acquainting itself with the alternative of peace, which is war, have been exceptional. You have stressed the international, the universal character of Armistice Day. This recalls to me that the Legion will observe this day in some nineteen nations other than our own, through its posts in those nations.

"The American Legion belongs to, and one of its members is the president of, the FIDAC, or Fédération Interalliée des Anciens Combattants, a union of veteran societies of nine countries. This federation's reason for being, so stipulated in its articles of organization, is to work—each group of veterans in its own country and through its own government—for world peace and world disarmament, and, through co-operation to make audible in this concern the voice of 20,000,000 men who know war because they have been a part of war.

"The American Legion works here at home for peace. It is doing what it can to advance the day when armaments may be reduced and hopes that its labors may help to hasten the time when a convention of the powers will be called to reduce all military estab-

lishments in the manner that the number of capital ships of the Navy has been reduced. But until that day does come The American Legion will insist that the United States take steps of its own to put war and the prospects of war more remote.

"To this end the Legion has long advocated and will press for the enactment at the coming session of Congress of what is popularly known as the Universal Draft Bill, which would place on all citizens an equal obligation in war by utilization through the Government of manpower to fight, manpower to work, factory-power to produce and money-power to finance. This is a peace measure because it places the burden of war equally upon all citizens. It is a preparedness measure because it provides the nation with the means for defending itself, if forced into war, with a maximum of efficiency and minimum of cost.

"The American Legion believes there will never be lasting peace until we have justice between nations. There will be no permanent justice without permanent means for establishing it, and that means the erection of some form of competent world court. It will put forth all efforts to attain this.

"Until an international concord is attained for the reduction of armaments and the adjudication of controversies on the principle of justice, the United States must maintain a Navy the equal of any in the world, a small but competent Army capable of quick expansion, adequate air forces for both the Army and the Navy, a National Guard, and adequate reserve forces for air, land and sea duty. Furthermore, industry must be kept currently informed and prepared in peace time for its emergency obligations.

"The Legion will emphasize on Armistice Day the substance of your words that 'humanity has more reason for unity than for discord.' On Armistice Day and all other days it has and it will, at home and abroad, work in practical ways to make a reality of the thought those words suggest.

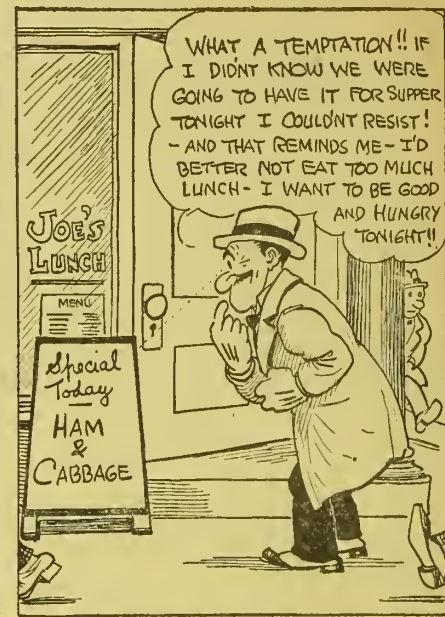
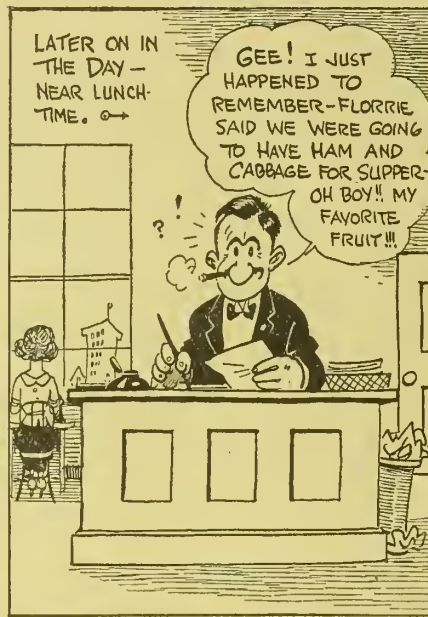
"Successive national conventions of The American Legion have asked that Armistice Day be declared a holiday, and upon the invitation of the Legion twenty-two States have passed laws so establishing November 11th.

"I am of the opinion that it would make for the great object you, we and all good Americans have in view for this day if you would request national observance of Armistice Day in a proclamation and issue an executive order declaring a holiday on that day for Federal officers and employees."

In response to the Commander's request for a holiday on Armistice Day, the President made inquiries, but was informed that he could not legally declare such a holiday until directed to do so by Congress.

Jambon et Choux

By Wallgren



A Personal Page by Frederick Palmer

The Things That Count

SINCE chaos, yellow particles had been hidden in the Californian earth and bright stones in the South African earth.

A prospector found the yellow particles; a prospector found the bright stones. The gold was brought forth to shine and the diamonds to sparkle before the world.

They got publicity. Even gold and diamonds do not count for much without it. Publicity is of many kinds. You have an example of it in young husband, who swells out his chest with an "I'll-tell-the-world-I'm-a-father" grandiosity. You have an example every time you exclaim, "You don't say!" or "Do tell!" as well as in the advertising broadsides of a manufacturer who wants to put over a new kind of shaving soap or chewing gum.

It is in the signposts at the crossroads as well as in the billboards you cannot help looking at. You have it in countless tons in the advertising, feature and news columns of the newspapers. Publicity is making things known.

In this age of publicity only the big headlines and the big noise attract attention. Hosts of advertising men make advertising their business and study. Newspaper men choose between what is real news and what should be paid advertising. Often advertising is real news because it brings to public attention an article which means labor-saving and more comfort.

The other day I was prospecting in the offices of *The American Legion Weekly*, and I found some facts that ought to have publicity. We all know that the readers of the *Weekly* are ex-service men and women. How many of us know what they do for a living?

Farmers, ranchers and cowboys lead with 102,737. Next come clerks, 82,100; then salesmen, agents and buyers, 49,470; then laborers, 47,152; then mechanics, 44,396; then doctors and surgeons, 27,035; then public officials, 22,877, and managers, 22,470.

NOT only are we strong on doctors to look after us when we are sick, but we have 16,932 lawyers to keep us out of trouble or get us out when we are in; 10,855 contractors and builders to build our new houses; 7,377 dentists to look after our teeth; 13,085 professors, teachers and principals to educate our children; 5,215 restaurant men to feed us; 6,112 nurses to care for us when we are sick; 1,357 undertakers to bury our dead; 2,692 clergymen to keep us in the straight and narrow path; 13,100 railroad men to keep our trains running; 2,640 actors and musicians to entertain us; 4,430 newspapermen and publishers and 5,840 printers to give us the printed word; 407 artists and 1,315 photographers to make our pictures, and 7,267 barbers to cut our hair.

Other occupations are 5,937 Army and Navy (active) and 2,230 Army and Navy (inactive), 11,153 chauffeurs and drivers, 140 designers; 2,042 inspectors, 3,015 lumbermen, 3,512 manufacturers, 7,165 miners, 2,797 oil workers, 4,965 real estate agents, 407 scientists, 7,710 students, and 55 trappers.

Engineers and surveyors seem strong for the Legion. There are 14,065 of them. Our nurses take us back to the days of their noble war service and the 2,845 telephone operators were the ones who rescued our telephone service in France from disorder and without whom we could not have kept our organization going. There are also 86,112 Legionnaires who are merchants and dealers, and 393,633 who own automobiles. Probably there are a number of occupations which are not mentioned, perhaps odd and romantic ones.

WHAT kind of a picture does the mighty army of this list give you? Surely not one of a class organization. It spells success by veterans since they left the service. It means a self-contained economic family which could take care of itself in all the essentials of civilized life. We should be a little short on domestics and servants, of whom we have only 425; but, then, we could do our own work.

The best item I have held for the last. I have previously mentioned it. I like to mention it, for it is the answer to those who say that the ex-soldiers are restless fellows and will not settle down. *Almost three-quarters, or 73.4 percent, of Legionnaires are married. They have homes.*

All this means to you and me the kind of publicity which makes us know the character of the Legion itself, which is what we want the world to know. The way to let the world know is to tell the world. You have to make the service of any organization known in order that it may do its service in full. Advertising is America's universal salesman of good causes as well as proprietary articles.

The soldier is a poor advertiser. He may not boast about his own exploits. His salesmanship is in pride in his unit and his army. The censorship imposed silence upon him. But there was not silence behind the lines, which may account for his having gained less credit than he was entitled to for winning the war. The fellowship of service compels him to do his advertising by organization. The goods that he has to advertise have stood the greatest test of all.

THE Legion's place is to keep the memory of his service fresh and clean, and to stand for the public service, present and future, which is in keeping with that of the past. You cannot continue to fool the public with a poor article however well advertised. You must keep on advertising a good article. Every Legion post is a publicity agent for the character of the Legion—and it must deliver goods up to standard.

And *The American Legion Weekly* is Legion's magazine. It is unique among publications and owned by its readers. We cannot make it too good. It is vital to the success of every post and to all the causes for which the Legion stands. To outsiders it is the printed word reflecting Legion character, the character of all the members with their varied occupations.

And what a market place their daily wants make! They are young, their habits still being formed. The articles which they become accustomed to use they will continue to use. Their consumption will increase with their age and incomes and the growth of their families.

All publications are dependent upon advertising. The more good advertising, the more and better the reading matter. The better the advertising, the better the appearance of the publication. Clever advertising writers often make an advertisement so appealing that we read it before the reading matter. Advertising is the essential of competition which develops and gives us better and better articles for sale.

I want to see more and more good advertising in the *Weekly*, making use of its great market place, and the *Weekly* worthier and worthier of the character of its readers and its aims. So buy in the Legion market place with that end in view. And I write this and you buy in the consciousness that the *Weekly* does not exist for money profit, but for dividends of progress in which you share.

The Red Arrow Emblazons a Dark Trail



Ewald Wegner came back from France blind. As soon as his ears and his hands had been taught to do double duty to carry the burden of his sightlessness, he bought a farm in New Jersey and stocked it with chickens. A signpost marks his farm today—a Red Arrow, at once the insignia of his old division and the symbol of his own straight drive toward success

A LARGE red arrow points significantly from a signpost toward a tree-surrounded house in Gillette, N. J., a suburban town within easy driving distance of Newark. Behind the house is a cluster of low buildings. At first sight they remind you of Army barracks. But a second glance shows that the low buildings are only the cantonment for a regiment of chickens. You see them by hundreds. Rhode Island Reds, deployed on the hard-pressed earth of what looks—carrying the Army simile along—like a miniature parade ground. And then, perhaps, as you drive along you see a tall young man walk easily among the scattered hens, a giant drillmaster among the brown-uniformed lilliputian soldiers of the poultry regiment.

"Ah," you say, "another suburbanite who has fallen for the get-rich-quick chicken advertisements which beckon to every desk man in the city."

You note fleetingly, then, a large Sedan parked on a driveway beside the house and draw the rapid conclusion that perhaps chicken-raising and egg-selling may really be profitable, despite

the dozens of examples which come to your mind of men who failed to make chickens earn their livings for them.

Many motorists come along the road thus, and some stop at the challenge of the red arrow. Those who stop meet Ewald Wegner, and meeting him they have a series of pleasant surprises.

Ewald Wegner smiles, gives a greeting and shakes hands. But he doesn't see the road map which a motorist, inventing the excuse that he is looking for a certain crossroad, may extend toward him. Ewald Wegner is blind.

It all comes out then. Ewald Wegner last looked upon the world of daylight six years ago at Sergy in the Argonne. The Red Arrow on his house, his business trade-mark, stands for something more in his life. Although he cannot see it, he is proud it is there. It is the insignia of his division, the same symbol he wore on his shoulders the day he fell wounded and sightless in France. He fought with the machine gun company of the 128th Infantry, the 32d Division—the red arrow division, of course.

Wegner was just twenty-one when he

enlisted. He was born in Wisconsin, and he had lived in his native state up to the time he put on the uniform. He returned to the United States blind just a year after he had landed at Brest.

After the first few months of discouragement and uncertainty, Wegner decided that he would go into chicken farming as the best chance of overcoming his handicap. He had spent his boyhood on a farm, so he had a fair practical slant on most of the problems he was facing. His Veterans Bureau advisors helped him wisely, and in time he entered the Evergreen Hospital near Baltimore, Maryland, the training center for war blinded conducted under the auspices of the Veterans Bureau.

Wegner made good in all his special training work. He learned how to carry on in his daily life so that the lack of vision impeded him least. He also completed the course in poultry husbandry and came back to the outside world buoyantly confident he would make a go of the farm he intended to start.

JUST about a year ago Wegner bought his house and five acres of land in New Jersey. He had to borrow some money at the start, but any banker would have approved his modest scheme of financing his enterprise. Besides, it was comforting to know that every month, whether the chickens were laying or striking, the sizable compensation check would come through from the Veterans Bureau.

A single look at the Red Arrow Poultry Farm tells a story of success. Contributors to that success are Mrs. Wegner and two little Wegners, Bobby, almost four, and Marilyn, two. Actual profits from the sale of chickens and eggs during the first year allowed the family to obtain the automobile that enables Wegner to travel far and near bettering his market facilities and buying supplies. Mrs. Wegner drives and she is the sole administrator of her household, but Wegner himself handles all business details and the hundred and one tasks in keeping his flock.

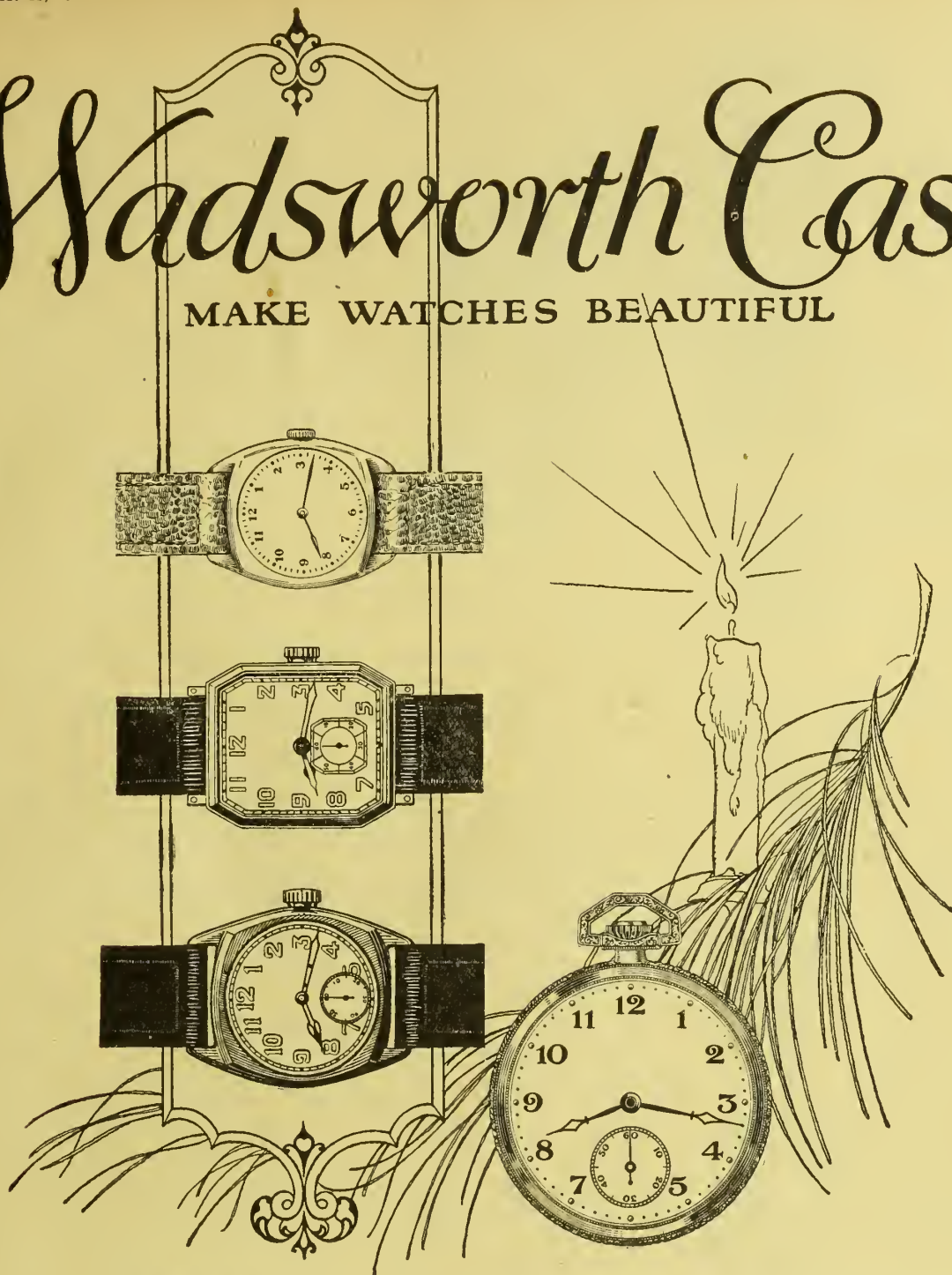
Wegner was on the job every minute while the carpenters were putting up the buildings for his chickens. He had in his mind the picture of the perfect arrangement which would simplify his daily work, and he got just what he wanted. And he knew in advance the kind of chickens he was going to keep—the soldiers that would do his fighting for him in the battle of life.

Three hundred chickens were obtained to begin with. Three hundred were kept, but the number will be increased

(Continued on page 20)

Wadsworth Cases

MAKE WATCHES BEAUTIFUL



WHAT could be more appropriate for a buddie's Christmas gift than a good strap watch? And who could better appreciate the real convenience that has made the strap watch itself the correct thing for business and sports wear today?

In its civilian dress you will find refinements which add to its usefulness a new beauty—as in the particular Wadsworth Cases shown above. Yet they do not add to its cost.

Many of the most beautiful and popular designs of today, in both strap and pocket watches, are Wadsworth creations. For more than thirty years, Wadsworth Cases have dressed and protected the watch movements of leading manufacturers and importers.

It will be worth your while, therefore, to see that the Wadsworth name is stamped in the case of the watch you choose. In Wadsworth quality is your assurance not only of correct design but of the finest material and workmanship.

Electricity Needs You

Let Me Train You to Fill a Big Pay Job

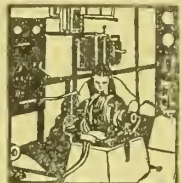
No matter what kind of work you are doing now, or how much you earn, electricity offers you more—a better job and bigger pay is waiting for you. Trained Electrical Experts are in great demand at the highest salaries ever known. The opportunities for advancement and a real success are amazing. The enormous growth of the electrical industry snaps up men faster than they can be trained. Electricity needs you.



W. E. PENCE, Albany, Ore., makes \$9000 a year in Automotive Electricity.

Be an Electrical Expert Earn \$12 to \$30 a Day

I will train you at home in your spare time to earn this fine big pay just like the men whose pictures you see here. In a few short months you will be ready for a wonderful job that I will help you get. Lack of education or experience doesn't bar anyone. My simplified, up-to-the-minute, easily learned course, backed up with my 20 years engineering experience, guarantees your success.



HERBERT DICKERSON, Warrentown, Va. gets \$7500 a year.



J. R. MORGAN, Columbus, Ohio, makes \$30 to \$50 a day in business for himself.



A. SHRECK, Phoenix, Ariz. gets over \$20 a day out of electrical work.

OUTFIT FREE

Electrical Tools and Material

I will give you free a whole outfit of electrical tools, measuring instruments and a real electric motor—not toys, but the real thing, such as no other school has ever offered before. I will start you right in after your first few lessons doing practical work, in a practical way—work that will pay you extra money while you are learning and from \$3,500 to \$10,000 a year when you are trained.

Satisfaction Guaranteed

I don't merely promise you these things—I guarantee them. I send you a signed bond guaranteeing to return your whole tuition fee—every penny you pay me—if you are not 100 per cent satisfied after finishing my course.

Investigate! Mail Coupon

Get the Vital Facts. Let me send you free my big new book on The Future of Electricity. Let me tell you more about the "Cooks" trained Electrical Experts. Sign and send me the Coupon below.

L. L. COOKE, Chief Engineer
Chicago Engineering Works, Inc.
Dept. 488, 2150 Lawrence Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Mail Coupon for FREE Book

L. L. COOKE, Chief Engineer, Chicago Engineering Works, Dept. 488, 2150 Lawrence Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:—Send me entirely free and fully prepaid, your book, the "Vital Facts" of Electricity, also full particulars on how I can quickly become an Electrical Expert.

Name

Address

Occupation Age

The Cooke Trained Man is the Big Pay Man

FRAUDULENT subscription solicitors, in some cases using obsolete credentials, are attempting in certain sections of the country to collect money from persons willing to subscribe to The American Legion Weekly. Some of the fraudulent solicitors are accepting partial payment for a year's subscription to The American Legion Weekly and giving as receipts a coupon used in a circulation campaign conducted many months ago. The use of these out-of-date coupons is absolutely unauthorized and is a means of securing funds through misrepresentation. The American Legion Weekly at this time employs no professional subscription solicitors. Legionnaires are urged to take prompt and drastic steps in co-operation with the proper authorities to stop the operations of these subscription swindlers wherever they are detected at work. Subscriptions at the rate of \$2 a year may be placed by mail with The Legion Subscription Service, 627 West 43rd Street, New York City, or through any post of The American Legion.

What Price Censorship?

(Continued from page 5)

disgraced the United States uniform. I know in a general way what the United States law is. Further than that I do not see what my qualifications as a censor would be." And that was all General Bullard would say then, or later, for anybody.

However, there appeared to be a quorum at Commissioner Quigley's conference, and it was decided to raid "What Price Glory?" that night, arrest the cast at the end of the second act and break up the show. Commissioner Enright is even credited with the suggestion that The American Legion be invited to take a hand.

Somewhere in the council there was a leak, and when Commissioner Quigley, accompanied by Mr. Dolphin, Inspector Edwin H. West of the Second Inspection District, Inspector Charles Zanes from Headquarters, and a group of twenty or thirty men from the Special Service Division descended on the Plymouth Theatre that night about eight o'clock they were met by Arthur Hopkins, producer of the play, deployed in skirmish formation in the alley behind the theatre. Mr. Hopkins, proceeding under a flag of truce, offered to present the piece as it had been played from its première without deletions if he were guaranteed immunity from arrest for himself and his cast until the end of the play. This was refused.

"Very well," announced Mr. Hopkins. "If there's any censoring to be done I'll do it myself." And that night the play was shorn of three of its strongest expressions. They are, Mr. Hopkins has pointed out in an explanatory note in his later programs, "three expressions that are used in the best families and by our noblest public officials."

Some of the police raiders saw the play from the light bridge above the stage. One inspector, two police stenographers and several plain-clothes men were back stage; others were at the

exits. Although the entire cast was ordered to remain in the theatre until the end of the play there were no arrests then or later. Mr. Dolphin admitted that "there was nothing to get excited about," and Inspector West frankly declared that he had enjoyed himself and added, "Either the show was misrepresented or I didn't see the real show."

The matter, as far as the city of New York is concerned, is now up to the Commissioner of Licenses. But Commissioner Quigley admitted to me that further action on his part was unlikely, inasmuch as the decision of the Court of Appeals in "The Demi-Virgin" case some time ago apparently limited his control of licenses to a consideration of the fitness of the buildings within which productions are presented, and not to the contents of the plays themselves.

"Any action because of the language or situations in plays of which complaints are made must now come through the police or the district attorney's office," declared Commissioner Quigley. "Mr. Hopkins, in this particular instance, has averted such action by censoring out the strongest expressions himself. The language employed the night I saw 'What Price Glory?' though strong, was not such as to call for official action."

But Admiral Plunkett, not content with this single avenue of attack, had also laid the affair before William Hayward, United States Attorney for the Southern District of New York. The latter was much the best fitted to sit in judgment of the play of the officials who had been hauled into the case. He had been commanding officer of the 369th Infantry, formerly the 15th New York, a Negro regiment, and he had seen the play.

"I saw 'What Price Glory?' with Mrs. Hayward before the deletions were made," Colonel Hayward said. "I am thoroughly familiar with the statute and with the situation. I have declined

to take action, although complaint has been made."

Telegraphic communication with Secretary Curtis D. Wilbur of the Navy Department indicated that he had no intention of making the case of "What Price Glory?" a departmental matter.

With both city and Federal authorities staying their hands, victory seems to rest with the authors and the producer of the play. But there still remains the question whether the original charges were justified—whether the play does insult the uniform and its wearers.

The authors, Laurence Stallings and Maxwell Anderson, jointly and separately declare that they have nothing to say; that their attitude is embodied in the play itself, and that they have nothing to add to it.

Personal opinion will probably be the determining factor as to whether the play constitutes an insult to the uniform or not. The boiling point at which insults are perceived and resented is very low with some people. It was reached by this play in the case of the original complainants, "Inspector Peterkin," Mayor Hylan and Admiral Plunkett. The police and Federal authorities apparently have a much higher one.

Comparing a copy of "Inspector Peterkin's" charges with the play itself as I saw it shortly after the Battle of West Forty-fifth Street I can only say that "What Price Glory?" not only did not reach my boiling point but never even seriously threatened it.

"It clearly shows," wrote "Inspector Peterkin" in his report, "that subordinates do not have any respect for superior officers—in every instance from the top sergeant to the captain, and from the captain to the brigadier general, this sentiment is pronounced throughout the entire show."

"The general public is permitted to believe that the personnel and officers of the United States Marine Corps are subject at all times to debauchery and seducements. The Marine Corps and the Army are belittled to the public, the play showing that there is a lack of discipline and respect which tends to bring discredit and reproach upon the Army and Marine Corps."

But the context of the play does not warrant the assumption that this was meant to be considered a universal state of affairs. Captain Flagg's Company is admittedly the worst in the brigade in point of discipline. Sergeant Quirt, on his arrival, announces that he has heard of it as a rabble all along the line. The brigadier, in his scene with Flagg, condemns the company as an outfit of hoodlums, though conceding its fighting qualities. It appears to be composed of bad men gathered from the whole brigade and pitchforked into this company for use as shock troops because Flagg can handle them.

There is exaggeration, probably, in this scene between Flagg and his brigadier. The bellowing of orders from the general down through his staff for propaganda purposes does not seem convincing, though the audience enjoyed it hugely. And yet this bit of byplay was as nothing to the savage burlesques put on by men of the A. E. F. for their own amusement.

Undoubtedly there is drinking, there are oaths (some of the milder ones that escaped the pruning hook), and there is conduct not sanctioned by Army Regulations.

"But there is nothing to show that



Why Not

Accept this test now? Find out if this Shaving Cream is all that men claim?

By V. K. CASSADY, Chief Chemist

GENTLEMEN:

The other day a man wrote in to thank me for the 10-day tube his wife had sent in for!

90% of the men who come to Palmolive Shaving Cream start from that point.

We rest our case on a test. A test we send you free. Won't you do me the kindness to mail in the coupon and to make it?

Excels in 5 big ways

Palmolive occupies a unique position in its field.

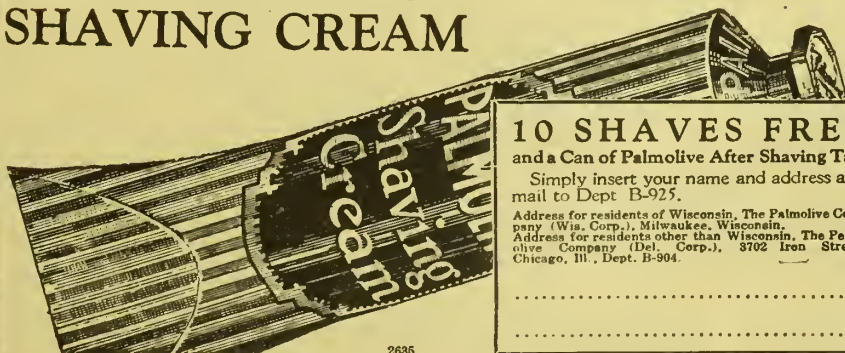
5
delights

- 1—Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
- 2—Softens the beard in one minute.
- 3—Maintains its creamy fullness 10 minutes on the face.
- 4—Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.
- 5—Fine after-effects, due to palm and olive oil content.

To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After Shaving Talc—especially for men. Doesn't show. Leaves the skin smooth and fresh. Try the sample we send free with tube of Shaving Cream. Clip coupon now.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Del. Corp.), Chicago, Ill.

PALMOLIVE SHAVING CREAM



10 SHAVES FREE

and a Can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc

Simply insert your name and address and mail to Dept B-925.

Address for residents of Wisconsin, The Palmolive Company (Wis. Corp.), Milwaukee, Wisconsin.
Address for residents other than Wisconsin, The Palmolive Company (Del. Corp.), 3702 Iron Street, Chicago, Ill., Dept. B-904.

IMPORTANT—BAER BROS. CO. sell all nationally advertised watches and jewelry on credit at established cash prices.

Xmas Gifts on Credit



X45—7 blue white diamonds set in PLATINUM, green gold 14 k. engraved ring. **\$52.50**



X68—Solid 18 k. white gold ring, perfect cut blue white diamond. **\$22.50**



X97—Solid PLATINUM delicately hand engraved ring, perfect cut blue white diamond of first quality. **\$87.50**



X48—Engagement ring, 18 k. white gold orange blossom engraving, perfect cut blue white diamond. **\$100**



X77—2 blue white perfect cut diamonds, 1 sapphire, 18 k. band engraved white gold ring. **\$50**



X20—Man's tooth ring, 14 k. solid gold, blue white perfect cut diamond. Always popular. **\$40**

Buy Today
10
Months
to Pay
Our
Guarantee

Your money back if not satisfied or if you can duplicate these articles even for cash. We make no claims we cannot live up to. **Guarantee Value Bond** with each purchase. **Lowest Prices**



X31—PLATINUM top on 14 k. white gold scarf pin. Blue white diamond, 4 sapphires. **\$25**



X55—Hand carved 18 k. solid white gold onyx ring, blue white diamond. Very stylish and popular. **\$25**



X34—Friendship ring 18 k. white gold, perfect cut blue white diamond, two long sapphires. **\$40**



X54—18 k. white gold ring, hand pierced, perfectly cut blue white diamond. Very popular. **\$73.50**



X96—7 perfectly matched blue white diamonds, set in PLATINUM, 2 sapphires, exquisite new model richly engraved. **\$95**



X67—Man's flat belcher, 14 k. yellow gold ring, 7 blue white diamonds set in solid PLATINUM disc. Looks like 2 ct. solitaire. **\$73.50**



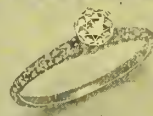
X51—Solid PLATINUM friendship or anniversary ring, 5 perfect cut blue white diamonds, 4 triangular sapphires. Very attractive. **\$135**



X23—18 k. white gold ring neatly and artistically designed, perfect cut blue white diamond, 2 sapphires. **\$75**



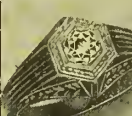
X40—Popular 18 k. white gold ring, pierced and engraved, perfect cut blue white diamond. **\$50**



X57—Conservative Tiffany style engagement ring, 14 k. yellow gold orange blossom engraving, perfect cut blue white diamond. **\$75**



X80—18 k. white gold seamless wedding ring, 5 perfect cut blue white diamonds, ring engraved all around. **\$20**



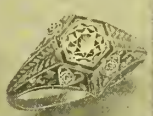
X70—Man's handsome 14 k. green gold ring, 18 k. white gold top, perfect cut blue white diamond. **\$57.50**



X39—7 blue white diamonds, 2 triangular sapphires, 18 k. white gold ring. Very showy. **\$75**



X24—18 k. white gold ring, perfect cut blue white diamond, octagon top, pretty design. **\$25**



X30—Solid PLATINUM ring, large perfect cut blue white diamond in top, 4 small diamonds in heart shaped cups on sides. Rarely beautiful. **\$125**



X52—Solid 14 k. white gold watch, sapphire crown, fancy dial, adjusted 15 jewel movement, guaranteed time piece. **\$23.50**



X62—Engagement ring, 14 k. yellow gold, perfect cut blue white diamond. **\$50**



X47—18 k. white gold ring, perfect cut blue white diamond, 2 sapphires. Our leader for a low priced ring. **\$29.50**

Send No Money 10 Days Trial

No deposit required. Simply send your name and address and say what article you want. Only if satisfied pay 1-5th (20%) on arrival. If after 10 days trial you are not in every way satisfied that you have gotten an **amazing bargain**, your money will be refunded immediately. Otherwise pay balance in 10 equal monthly installments. **You take no risk.** Transactions strictly confidential. Don't delay—order today. **Address Dept. T-31.**

FREE

New 1925 Deluxe Catalog. Thousands of choice gifts in diamonds, watches, pearls, silverware, toilet sets and jewelry. Prices \$10 to \$1000. **Cash or easy credit terms.** If you do not see what you want in this ad, we suggest that you write today for our **FREE CATALOG** before ordering your Xmas Gifts.



Established 1890

BAER BROS. CO.

Write Dept. T-31 **6 MAIDEN LANE-NEW YORK**

if this had leaked out all concerned would not have been court-martialed," observed a former colonel who had seen the unexpurgated play. "In the stress of the advance sometimes discipline was shot to hell, but all that was straightened out afterwards, providing they came through alive."

Again the personal relations between Captain Flagg and Sergeant Quirt have been criticized. To quote "Inspector Peterkin" again: "Act two also belittles the discipline and morale of the Marine Corps. This is portrayed when Quirt states to Captain Flagg that he wished to hell he would go down in the trenches and have his damn head blown off; also when they talked about Charmaine."

But there, again, the play brings out the fact that these two were not just any captain and any sergeant in the Marine Corps. Flagg and Quirt had known and hated each other from China and Cuba to France over a stretch of more than twenty years. They had been poison to each other whenever and wherever they had met in all that time. This particular war did no more than furnish a new setting for another round of their unending feud. It did not even introduce another element in Charmaine, for many of their previous encounters had been over similar women elsewhere.

Flagg and Quirt do not behave as they do because they are Marines, but because they are the sort of men they happen to be. In war or peace, in the service or out of it, these men, given the same opportunities, would have reacted to them in much the same way.

Incidentally, the night I saw the play former Sergeant John Joseph Cole, who as a private went through Belleau Wood as Captain Stallings's orderly until Stallings was wounded, sat with me on the light bridge. He pointed out several characters who had first appeared in the big show staged by the A. E. F. and asserted that both Pete de la Cognac and his daughter Charmaine were authentic, even to their make-up.

In general the opinion of ex-service men to whom I talked who had seen the play was that "What Price Glory?" was great stuff. That opinion seems to have been accepted by the public at large.

Certainly the men who play the minor characters, most of them A. E. F. veterans, do not feel that they are belittling the uniforms they once wore on a greater stage.

The service record of Mr. Stallings, considering the tempest the play created, may be of interest. Laurence Tucker Stallings was born at Macon, Georgia, in 1894. While a reporter on the Atlanta Journal, early in 1917, he went to the Atlanta recruiting office of the Marine Corps to help the sergeant in charge prepare some newspaper copy.

He thought so well of his own copy that he enlisted that very afternoon, signing up for five years. He obtained a designation from the Secretary of the Navy which would enable him to take a competitive examination for a commission. After passing this examination he was trained at Quantico, and, after ten months as an enlisted man, was commissioned in the regular establishment. It was one of the last commissions of this sort issued.

Reporting to Paris Island as a shave-tail, he was assigned to the 97th Company. On his way overseas, still a second lieutenant, Stallings again passed through Quantico, where he was assigned to the 145th Company, Third Replacement Battalion. In France Stall-

ings joined the 47th Company of the Fifth Marines, and shortly before they went into action was promoted to first lieutenant.

He had been a first lieutenant for a month when he commanded his company at Belleau Wood, where he was wounded. He had been a captain for five days, but did not discover this fact until he was in hospital.

Eight months in overseas hospitals and two years more in hospitals on this side pulled Captain Stallings through, but he had lost a leg in the ordeal. He has been placed on the retired list. He is now a member of the staff of the New York World, and is the author of a "war novel," "Plumes."

Maxwell Anderson, co-author of the play with Mr. Stallings, was born in Atlantic, Iowa, in 1888. His family moved to North Dakota, and after being graduated from the State University he taught there and in California. Later he became a newspaper man, first in San Francisco and then in New York. He is now an editorial writer on the New York World.

Daring the Razzberry

(Continued from page 7)

His legs—why don't you—oh, hell, what's the use!"

Jimmy flopped back beside me the most indignant and outraged "artist" you ever saw.

"You should worry, Jim," I said, "after the deal he gave you."

He bit down hard on his dry cigar. "I know," said De Forest, "but I can't hold no grudge against a guy that's got a champion's heart."

Firpo has a champion's heart, and a good right as well, but he is inclined to take things easy, and the way in which Harry Wills toyed with him and even Charley Weinert outpointed him shows that if he wants to get anywhere he's got to have plenty of work. The Wild Bull knocked out Weinert in August, 1923, but when they met in a twelve-round bout recently Weinert had a picnic of it.

And of the same mettle are the Chileans, Vincentini and Romero-Rojas. Like Firpo, there would seem to be about fifty volumes of the lexicon of boxing that they haven't studied yet, but both have shown a gameness under fire that has turned the cat-calls, whistles and boos of crowds up here into thunderous cheers of admiration. Instruction can develop skill, training stamina, but the secret question in every trainer's mind regarding his man is, "Will he take it—is he game?" Once sure of that and he is a very hopeful trainer. He always feels confident that he can do the rest.

Well, gameness and stamina these South Americans have in fine degree. And they are superb, physical specimens, panther-lithe, firmly but not knottily muscled. Chileans, we know, are called the Yankees of the South, and for years they have been boxing enthusiasts. Many of the old bull-rings have been converted into prize-ring stadiums—as good as that. But the fault of their development—and in Argentine, more recently come into the boxing game, as well—is that their fighters have been receiving only a sort of third-hand training. Their managers and instructors are nearly all Frenchmen with a none too



The FLORSHEIM SHOE

From the first to the last day's wear FLORSHEIM Shoes satisfy. They give loyal service—the kind you will enjoy—value for what you pay.

Most Styles \$10

Full Booklet, "Styles of the Times" on Request

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY

Manufacturers

CHICAGO



The Rialto

Style M-165

POST HISTORIANS! LEGIONNAIRES!

EVERY Legion Post and many Legionnaires, with an eye to the future, want to keep a file of The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly.

Our folder makes this easy. It keeps all the copies conveniently, neatly and safe from mutilation. Each Binder is embossed in gold with "The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly" and holds a year's copies. Order now and begin with January, 1925.

Full Book Cloth (red) \$1.25 postpaid
THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY
627 West 43d St. NEW YORK

AUTOMOBILE MAKES 27 MILES ON AIR

An automobile goes 27 miles on air by using an automatic device which was installed in less than 5 minutes. The automobile was only making 30 miles on a gallon of gasoline but after this remarkable invention was installed, it made better than 57. The inventor, Mr. J. A. Stransky, 4381 Eleventh Street, Pukwana, South Dakota, wants agents and is willing to send a sample at his own risk. Write him today.—Adv.

The Razor Problem Solved

Stop throwing away your safety Razor Blades. You don't throw away your dull knives. Common sense tells you to have them re-sharpened. Razor Blades will last indefinitely if re-sharpened with

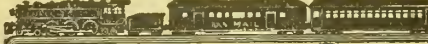
SHARPENETTE

Outfit consists of patented high grade nickle stropper and fine quality leather strop. Regular price, \$1. Orders from Legionnaires, 85c. Send no money, pay postman on arrival.



85c

SHARPENETTE SALES CO.
110 Worth Street New York



BECOME A RAILWAY MAIL CLERK

Examinations coming. \$1600 to \$2300 a year. Steady life-time job. Common education sufficient. No "pull" necessary. Mail coupon for Catalog.

Patterson Civil Service School
Dept. 6311A ROCHESTER, N. Y.

SIRS: Send me without charge your Catalog, describing this and other U. S. Government positions.

Name

Address

Patterson Civil Service School
Dept. 6311A
Rochester, N. Y.

\$2 XMAS GIFTS



BY1—Lady's 18K white gold ring; hexagon center set with perfect cut blue white diamond. \$22.



BY2—Lady's Elite ring; perfect cut blue white diamond is set in 18K white gold prongs. 14K natural gold shank. \$65.



BY3—Lady's 20K white gold orange blossom ring set in 3/4 Carat size 18K white gold cup with a perfect cut blue white diamond. \$75.



BY4—Lady's rectangular shaped wrist watch of solid 14K white gold; highest grade 15 ruby and sapphire jeweled movement. Lifetime guarantee. \$22.



BY5—Lady's hand carved 18K white gold ring set with a perfect cut blue white diamond. \$50.



BY6—Lady's 18K white gold ring; center set with absolutely perfect blue white diamond; two flawless diamonds on sides. \$100.



BY8—Platinum front Scarf pin set with perfect cut blue white diamond; 14K white gold pin. \$27.50.



BY9—Lady's 7 diamond cluster ring; 18K white gold. Each side of diamond center is set with a triangular shaped sapphire; looks like \$750 solitaire. \$67.50.



BY10—Diamond set rectangular shaped wrist watch; 14K solid white gold; set in platinum with 4 perfect cut blue white diamonds; highest grade 15 jewelled movement. Lifetime guarantee. \$42.50.



BY11—Lady's lace design ring of 18K white gold set with a perfect cut blue white diamond. \$45.



BY12—Solid platinum lace work design lady's ring set with a perfect cut blue white diamond of first quality. \$100.



BY13—Lady's platinum set 7 diamond cluster ring; 20K white gold shank; resembles \$750 solitaire. \$57.50.



BY14—Wedding ring of 18K white gold set with five perfectly matched blue white diamonds. \$35.



BY15—Gentleman's 18K white gold ring; center set with a perfect cut blue white diamond; 7 round blue sapphires on sides. \$75.



BY16—Gentleman's 18K white gold ring; center set with a perfect cut blue white diamond; 7 round blue sapphires on sides. \$90.

\$2.00 Brings Your Choice

NO RED TAPE—NO DELAY

Simply send \$2.00 and your choice goes to you charges paid. You have ten days in which to decide. Money back instantly if you are not satisfied as to the quality and value.

Ten Days' Free Trial

Send only \$2.00 and your choice goes to you in handsome gift box all charges paid. Guarantee Bond attesting to quality and value accompanies each shipment.

A Full Year to Pay

Simply send \$2.00 and receive your selection, all charges paid. After trial pay balance in 12 monthly payments. 10% discount for cash.

Free Royal

Xmas Catalog
The most complete catalog ever published of Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Silverware, Cameras, Ivory Toilet Sets, etc., sent FREE. Prices from \$5.00 to \$1000—quality the highest. Ten days' trial and a full year to pay on everything you order from our \$2,000,000 stock. Send for your copy today. Dept. 1220.



Sent for \$2



BY17—Wedding ring of 18K white gold set with five perfectly matched blue white diamonds. \$35.



BY18—Lady's 7 diamond platinum set cluster diamond ring; 14K natural gold shank; resembles \$600 solitaire. \$46.50.

perfect knowledge of the game acquired from the Americans who went over and started the boxing craze in Paris some years ago, a craze which, as we know, has settled down into a steadfast devotion to the sport. But presently some of our own managers and trainers who are most expert in the work will get hold of a squad of these South American fighting men—catch 'em when they're young—add to their natural muscularity, strength and gameness a thorough schooling in the science of boxing, and when that happens, you can depend upon it, the term "chile con carne champ" will achieve a very serious rating. As to this probability you have only to think of that little human whiplash, Pancho Villa, from the Philippines. He is very much of the same stripe and breed as the South American fighter, but with the advantage of having been caught when very young indeed by expert United States instructors. And the same for that likely young streak, Emilio Flores. And, to a lesser extent, Lombardo of Panama, yet in the making.

In proof of what I have been writing of the new Latin-American factor and its ultimate dangerousness to native title-holders, has come the surprise victory of Vincentini over Rocky Kansas. For ten rounds Rocky displayed his superior knowledge of boxing by pucking the Chilean all over the ring, only to have Vincentini, strength unimpaired, knock him sprawling in the eleventh. Conscious, Rocky was turned so groggy that he could not hold his legs. He flopped around on all fours while the referee counted him out. Rocky, be it understood, is high class. Only one of the many fast, hard-hitting men he has fought ever floored him before, and that was the champion, Benny Leonard. Pal Moran outboxed Vincentini, and he has another decision against him here. But his victory over Kansas puts him in the running for a challenge to the title-holder himself. And Benny, wonder that he is, isn't getting any younger, while the Chilean is in the prime of young manhood and possesses, as Rocky Kansas can tell you, a wealth of stamina and a withering punch.

A sportsman's good wishes, of course, to the battalion from all over that has come seeking top honors. However, there can be no harm in reminding them that other foreigners have found plucking titles in the United States about as easy as swallowing an oyster with its jacket on. In a quarter of a century it has only been achieved twice—by Bob Fitzsimmons of Australia when he defeated James J. Corbett in the long, long ago and in these days by Eugene Criqui of France, who on June 2, 1923 K.O'd the ancient featherweight champion Johnny Kilbane, only to lose his laurels on July 26 of the same year to Johnny Dundee. Jimmy Wilde acquired the flyweight championship of the world trimming American lads on his home ground. Then he went crusading, and here met little Pancho Villa, who knocked his crown over on his nose. Nevertheless, Wilde was one of the great champions of the ring, and it wasn't till youth deserted him that anyone was able to play horse with his title.

A fact not generally understood, even by close followers of the game, is that Fitzsimmons was the first bona fide champion of the world since the beginning of modern glove-fighting under the Marquis of Queensbury rules. John L. Sullivan took a world's cham-

ROYAL DIAMOND & WATCH CO.

170 Broadway—New York

X'MAS GIFTS~ Pay as U Please!

The most remarkable credit offer ever made! Special to Legionnaires. Select any beautiful gift you wish—have it sent for your **FREE EXAMINATION**. Then if satisfied pay for it ON YOUR OWN TERMS, pay as you please (within reason, of course). We stand alone in this astoundingly liberal credit offer.

L 1 Exquisite white gold ring. Perfectly cut blue-white diamond, \$26.60

L 2 Jeweled Elgin warranted gold filled case, \$21.00

L 3 Solid white gold rectangular wrist watch, 18 Jewel guaranteed movement, \$23.50.

Send for Catalog A-L Today
A postal brings you our special Xmas Catalog illustrating America's Best Values in "gifts that last." Diamonds, Jewelry, Watches, Ivoryware, Silverware, etc. **Prices absolutely rock bottom—Every article sold under our famous Money Back Guarantee.**

O.F. Bale & Co.
Dept. A-L ESTABLISHED 1888
21-23 Maiden Lane New York

pionship from Paddy Ryan with bare fists under the London prize ring rules. Sullivan was the first American glove champion, but he never won a world's title with them. He had the opportunity twice when he fought Charlie Mitchell of England. But the first fight was stopped by the police in New York and the second battle between them in France ended in a draw. Sullivan died a world's champion—under the London prize ring rules. And he was also the inventor of the K. O. punch. There were very few knockouts in the old days of fighting, and these always due to body blows. The fights went scores of rounds and were ended by exhaustion, usually. For then men fought with bare fists and they dared not let their blows go with full force against jawbones for fear of permanently crippling their hands. But with the protection of the padded glove Sullivan began shooting an unrestrained right to the button and the K. O. punch was born. Fitz came here as champion of England and Australia and defeated Corbett, champion of America, and thus created the world's title which James J. Jeffries stripped him of.

The funniest "international world championship battle" that ever happened occurred in Philadelphia between Kid McCoy and Herr Placke of Belgium. When we got sight of Herr Placke we all began to wonder about that "light heavyweight" classification. His size was appalling. Especially around the belly. But more wonders—when the gong rang he leaped from his chair with the light-footedness of a gazelle and poked a perfectly good left-hand jab spat on the nose of the speed marvel, McCoy. We were astonished, but McCoy was dumfoundedly amazed. He was a pretty fellow then and was very much annoyed, you could see, at having his good looks all uglified up by the blood spurting from his nostrils. He never let Herr Placke get near him for the rest of the round. The Kid stalled all the way, studying to find if that first punch was a fluke or betokened further goods concealed. When he stepped out for the second round he knew that all Herr Placke had possessed when he landed that jab was good luck. And he gave vent to his fury. The middle of the second round found the balloon-like Herr Placke on his knees, both gloves up to his face, his huge stomach and fat shoulders quivering and shaking as he sobbed into his gloves, looking up now and then at the cheated, indignant McCoy and quavering:

"Please—it is a sufficiency. Strike me not no more. I have not known it should be so terrible like this!"

In Belgium Herr Placke had been a wrestler in a beer garden.

Germany once produced a champ. He was fatter than Herr Placke, and when stripped for action his huge body was smooth-skinned and pink and so plump that he dimpled at the knees. The fans dubbed him Baby Dunkorst. He met Bob Fitzsimmons, who promptly pushed his glove against the Babe's stomach and shoved it in fat up to the elbow, and that was the end of that.

Balsa, the first title contender Spain ever sent over here, is a former wrestler of good rating, and is not new to this country except as a ring aspirant. I saw him go recently against Floyd Johnson, the best second-rate heavy we've got. Like Firpo, Balsa is a bull. He is shorter, stockier, but a giant in

FREE Correspondence Courses to all Ex-Service Men and Women offered by Knights of Columbus

With the funds that remain from wartime contributions, the K. of C. has been able to conduct this move for higher education. More than 300,000 ex-service men and women have already been trained in their spare time.

An Education for a Stamp

Take advantage of this opportunity to improve yourself socially and financially. These courses embody the best thought available in the field of higher education. They are open to ex-service men and women only.

Business Courses

Business Arithmetic—2 courses
Bookkeeping—2 courses
Accounting—6 courses
Income Tax Procedure
Business Law
Penmanship
Advertising
Salesmanship
Business English—2 courses

Language Courses

English—12 courses
French—5 courses
Spanish—2 courses
Latin—2 courses
Italian—2 courses

Mathematics Courses

Arithmetic—4 courses
Algebra—2 courses
Geometry—2 courses
Trigonometry
Applied Mathematics—5 courses

Technical and Special Courses

Drawing—7 courses
Blue Print Reading—6 courses
Engines—3 courses
Auto Mechanics—3 courses
Radio—2 courses
Show Card Writing—2 courses
Traffic Management—2 courses

Civil Service Courses

Arithmetic—2 courses
English—2 courses
Railway Mail

75 Courses from which to Choose

Courses in practically every field of endeavor can be enjoyed by those who served under the colors of Uncle Sam. Read the list of courses available and decide which one will help you.

Ex-Service Men and Women only are Eligible

To all ex-service men and women regardless of creed or color, these courses are free. Fill in and mail the coupon today.

Mail This Enrollment Blank

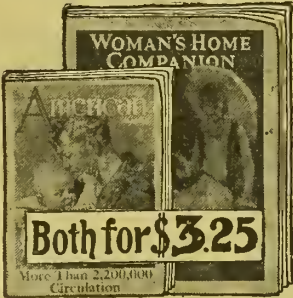
Mr. William J. McGinley, Supreme Secretary,
Knights of Columbus, New Haven, Conn.
Attention Dept. C-20
Dear Sir: Please send me Bulletin 6 concerning Knights of Columbus Correspondence Courses together with an application blank.

Name.....
(please print)

Street
and Number.....

City..... State.....

Some Xmas Magazine Bargains



American.....\$2.50 } BOTH
Woman's Home
Companion...\$1.50 } \$3.25



Colliers.....\$2.00 } BOTH
Woman's Home
Companion...\$1.50 } \$3.00

Send your Subscription Order
for all Magazines to

The Legion Subscription Service
627 West 43d St. New York City

Xmas Gifts on Credit

BUY TODAY
10 MONTHS
TO PAY



\$1.00 Brings Your Choice

Buy your Christmas Gifts on our easy confidential payment plan. Send only \$1.00 and your selection will be promptly sent to you. When you have examined it carefully and convinced yourself of its exceptional value pay only one-fifth of the price. The balance in 10 equal monthly payments.



X2418—18K. white gold Spfed. top ring. Blue white diamond, \$72.50.



X2419—Sparkling AAA quality diamond, 14K. Orange Blossom engraved betrothal ring, \$77.50.



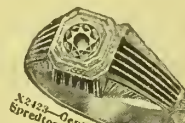
X2420—18K. white gold Spfed. top ring. Fine quality diamond, \$57.50.



X2421—Ladies' engraved 18K. Aquamarine ring, \$72.50.



X2422—14K. diamond set Kents' tooth ring, \$92.50.



X2423—Gents' 18K. white gold diamond, \$92.50.



X2424—14K. white gold, 15 jewel hand engraved wrist watch. Sapphire crown, silk ribbon, \$57.75.

10 Months to Pay

Nothing will be more welcome as a Christmas Gift than a Diamond or article of jewelry. Under our Confidential Credit Plan you can give worth while gifts that will be appreciated and pay for them in easy monthly payments next year. Everything you buy from Sweet's is absolutely guaranteed to please you or your money will be promptly refunded. Special Xmas Service, insuring prompt delivery.

FREE Send for our new Diamond and Gift Book, showing a wonderful selection of exquisite gifts—all on 10 months to pay. Send for it today.

"THE HOUSE OF QUALITY"

AUTHORIZED CAPITAL \$1,000,000.

L.W. SWEET INC.

Dept. 1094-S 1660 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

chest and shoulders and mighty of arms and legs. He doesn't know a thing about defense, but he can hit with smashing strength, and what's more he can hit with either hand. He just buckled his arms across his face and went into anything Floyd could send him in the hope of getting in a good smash or two himself. He did. While Johnson was hammering Balsa with everything he knows, the Spaniard in the second round crushed a left hand into Floyd's midriff that turned him pea green and took all the steam and speed out of him for the brief remainder of the fight. And twice Balsa got to Johnson's jaw with rights which brought that blank stare into Floyd's eyes. There would have been a very bad evening ahead for Johnson, who was in poor condition, if he had not happened in the first round of the battle to open a deep gash over Balsa's left eye. It severed an artery and throughout an entire round and a half—the referee stopped it midway in the third—blood was jutting out of Balsa's head as if it were being pumped. He was a gory mess, but was disregarding the injury himself and protested like a sore bear when ordered to his corner. He is well past thirty, and it was remarkable to note that the heavy loss of blood had apparently not weakened him in the slightest. He was full of steam and power when the severe nature of the gash compelled the referee to stop the fight. Like Firpo with Dempsey, the fans are all anxious to see the beetle-browed "spik" meet the tow-headed Floyd again.

Well, here's the assortment. Crowns or razzberries, let's go!

The Red Arrow on a Dark Trail

(Continued from page 12)

to five hundred when additional housing capacity has been arranged. Now, it might seem that raising and disposing of seven hundred chickens—including four hundred broilers in the spring at an average of more than a dollar apiece—would be a reasonable achievement for this man and his farm. Not by a whole lot!

An average of ten, to fifteen dozen eggs a day are sold at the door the

Trappers FOR BIGGER Your Chance PAY A DOZEN SURE FUR GETTERS

No. 1 KOMPACT TRAP. 96¢
Complete with Chains, Guaranteed. CATCHES Mink, Muskrat, Skunk, Opossum etc. Herskovits forced trap prices 10 rock bottom. Stocks limited and going fast. Order a Dozen NOW. Mailing VVeigh 7 lbs. Add postage.

DON'T SHIP FURS
Until you get Herskovits' Guaranteed Price List. Remember! Herskovits liberal grading insures you most money for Furs. Send trial shipment. If requested we will hold separate for your approval.

BEFORE BUYING TRAPS OR SUPPLIES GET HERSKOVITS NEW TREASURE BOOKS AND FUR PRICE LIST. FREE

Hundreds of money-saving bargains. Herskovits sells supplies at lowest cost. Send postal or your order for traps. ACT NOW. Deal with W. Irving Herskovits Fur Co., Inc., New York, and make Bigger Pay out of Fur Business. ADDRESS DEPT. 222

HERSKOVITS' 109 W. 24th ST. NEW YORK
"WORLD'S LARGEST FUR MARKET"

FREE Your Name As \$175 VALUE Inlaid in Gold NEVER SOLD FOR LESS

YOUR NAME HERE—

THE PERFECT WRITING INSTRUMENT
The New Improved **INKOGRAPH** Writes like pencil with ink better than good fountain pens. Won't skip, blot, scratch, leak, clog or soil hands. Makes 3 or 4 carbons. 14 kt. gold point, shaped like fine lead pencil point. Guaranteed. SEND NO MONEY. Pay postman \$1 plus postage. Agents wanted. **INKOGRAPH CO., Inc., 169F Centre St., New York**

DEMONSTRATORS WANTED

For 5-Tube Neutrodyne Set RADIO

Live young man in every town and neighborhood, to own, operate and take orders for the licensed, standardized, synchronized "De Luxe 5-Tube Coast-to-Coast Neutrodyne" made famous in "The Radio Digest." Complete assembly retails only \$34.49. Thousands sold. Furnished you at discount. Liberal financial arrangements. Write us all about yourself. Ask for plan. Also illustrated description of set. Be First!

THE RADIO SHACK, America's LARGEST Radio Dealers, Dept. L-224, 55 Vesey Street, New York City

BOYS & GIRLS EARN XMAS MONEY

Write for 50 Sets St. Nicholas Christmas Seals. Sell for 10c a set. When sold send us \$3.00 and keep \$2.00. No Work—Just Fun.

St. Nicholas, 2814 Glenwood Rd. Dept. 165. Brooklyn, N. Y.

Safe Milk

Ask for **Horlick's** The ORIGINAL Malted Milk

For Infants, Children, Invalids, Nursing Mothers Avoid Imitations

PATENTS

As one of the oldest patent firms in America we give inventors at lowest consistent charge, a service noted for results, evidenced by many well known Patents of extraordinary value. Book, Patent-Sense, free. Lacey & Lacey, 643 F St., Wash., D.C. Estab. 1869.

NUMEROUS LEGIONNAIRE REFERENCES

13 WEEKS FOR 15 CENTS

The Pathfinder

KNOW THE WAY THROUGH THE JUNGLE OF EVENTS

You've heard your neighbor praise this wonderful weekly magazine that 3 million people read. Unbiased digest of national and world affairs. Chock full of just the kind of reading you want. Science, politics, travel, fun, fashions, question box, books, health—entertainment and instruction for all. Send 15c (coin or stamps) for this big paper on trial 13 weeks or \$1 for 1 year (\$2 issues).

PATHFINDER, 502 Langdon Sta., Washington, D. C.

NOTICE

AFTER December 1st all editorial and general communications to this publication should be addressed to The American Legion Weekly, Indianapolis, Indiana, where the Legion's official magazine will be printed beginning with the December 19th issue. Advertising correspondence should be addressed, as heretofore, to either the eastern advertising office of the Weekly, 331 Madison Avenue, New York City, or the Western Advertising Office, 22 W. Monroe Street, Chicago.

Diamonds!

on credit



Why wait longer when a few cents a day will make you the owner of a sparkling, perfectly cut, blue-white diamond, set in 18 Karat Purity White Gold.

SEE DIAMOND FIRST

Sent to you without one penny down. We trust you absolutely. Examine the diamond at your leisure. Send it back at our expense if not satisfactory—you are not out a penny.

You risk absolutely nothing. "Send for beautiful Diamond Book showing the new styles in rings. Read about our wonderful values and payment plan."

Lady Jane \$37.50

SANTA FE WATCH COMPANY
Dept. B-33 Thomas Bldg., Topeka, Kans.

Tire Agents Wanted

Use and introduce **MELLINGER CO. TIRES**
12,000 MILES GUARANTEED

Lowest Wholesale Prices in America. Shipped prepaid on approval. Make big money allor part time. No capital or experience. Sample sections furnished.

YOUR TIRES FREE!

Simply send name today for valuable FREE BOOK, tells how thousands have gone into big business. SPECIAL AGENTS OFFER Wholesale Prices and FREE SAMPLE KIT.

MELLINGER TIRE & RUBBER CO.
1768 Grand, Kansas City, Mo. \$500,000 Capital

Made To Measure Suit \$12.50

FREE COMPLETE SELLING OUTFIT!
Earn \$150 a week, regular line, or \$75 a week, side line. Commission in advance. No delivery.

Outfit Worth \$10 sent FREE

Most remarkable innovation in clothing industry. Quality union tailoring. Popular patterns. Outwear three ordinary suits. No competition. Sells on sight. Experience unnecessary. Also famous Ironcloth boys' line.

ECONOMY CLOTHING MFG. CO., Dept. 6-31, 2035-49 Charleston St., CHICAGO

PATENTS

Write for my free Guide Books "How to Obtain a Patent" and "Invention and Industry" and "Record of Invention" blank before disclosing inventions. Send model or sketch of your invention for instructions. Promptness assured. No charge for above information. Clarence A. O'Brien, Registered Patent Lawyer, 1923 Security Bank Building, directly across street from Patent Office, Washington, D. C.—Adv.

SERVICE-RINGS

—from maker to wearer. Any branch, any Division. In Sterling Silver, \$2.50 each. In 10K Gold, \$7.50. In 14K Gold, \$10. Write for free folder showing complete line of Army and Navy Rings.



C. K. GROUSE CO.
131 Bruce Ave. North Attleboro, Mass.

ACTING PLAYS

for AMATEURS; Monologs, Recitations, Drills, Minstrel and Vaudeville Jokes and Sketches; ideas for entertainments.

SEND FOR FREE CATALOG.

DRAMATIC PUBLISHING CO.
542 So. Dearborn St., CHICAGO

AGENTS EARN A GOOD INCOME

You can sell Premier Knife Sharpeners to housewives, restaurants, stores, etc. 9 out of 10 will buy. Sells for 50c. Write today for attractive offer. **PREMIER MFG. CO.** Dept. 8, Detroit, Mich.



LARGE PROFIT for you

MAKE MONEY SELL MADISON SHIRTS

Direct from our factory to wearer. Easily sold. Over one million satisfied wearers. No capital or experience required. Largest steady income. Many earn \$100. to \$150. weekly. Territory now being allotted. Write For Free Samples.

MADISON SHIRT MILL, 564 B'way, New York

year round. These bring fifteen to twenty cents more per dozen right at the entrance to The Red Arrow Poultry Farm than they would at one of the town or city markets. Not a single day but many more dozen eggs are asked for than can be supplied. Sometimes three or four times as many could easily be sold if they were on hand. Moreover, practically all the customers who patronize The Red Arrow stop regularly. They know that the eggs here have been graded into three sizes and priced accordingly. They know that the eggs are all of the highest grade that can be bought anywhere.

To tell what Wegner is unable to do about the farm would be easier than to list the duties he fulfills as well as any sighted person. He attends to all feeding, killing, picking feathers, turning eggs in the incubators, and—well, just about everything except reading the thermometers and adjusting the wicks in the oil stoves. He takes care of the coal stoves in each brooder; knowing when he has shaken all the ashes from the fire by passing his hand over the ashpan and judging from the heat in it whether he has reached the live coals. He counts the chickens every few nights more skillfully than a sighted person; so his wife declares. Wegner accomplishes this by waiting until the chickens have gone to roost and then running his hands over them. He is able to do this better than most of us, though in the dark, because his delicate sense of touch tells him how many birds are there without shoving each one off the perch. The birds remain quite undisturbed during this process.

"Fifteen hundred dollars clear profit isn't bad for the first year," says Wegner, and we'll say it isn't. "Next year, with five brooders, I expect I'll keep about five hundred chickens."

"The fact of having the trade come to you, instead of dumping your stuff at the market for what you can get, means double the ordinary profits."

Not bad reasoning, that, and it is typical of Wegner's thinking—the kind of common sense that is the mainspring of ambition, foresight and action.

TAPS

The deaths of Legion members are chronicled in this column. In order that it may be complete, post commanders are asked to designate an official or member to notify the Weekly of all deaths. Please give name, age, military record.

- HORACE H. ATCHINSON**, Thomas Hopkins Post, Wichita, Kan. D. July 13, aged 30. Served with 116th Inf., 29th Div.
- CHASE M. BROWN**, Tiffin (O.) Post, D. Aug. 5, aged 30. Served on U. S. S. Michigan.
- HERBERT D. BURKE**, Fairhaven (Mass.) Post, D. Sept. 4, aged 34. Served at Camp Eustis.
- ALVIN A. DEEMER**, James J. Barry Post, Philadelphia, Pa. D. Oct. 16, aged 38. Served with Co. A, 20th M. G. Bn.
- FRED GERLACHER**, John E. Miller Post, Beaver Dam, Wis. Accidentally killed, Oct. 27, aged 27. Served on U. S. S. Seattle.
- HENRY GREB**, Disabled Veterans Post, New Haven, Conn. D. Sept. 28, aged 33.
- BEN W. GRILLS**, Burt Foster Post, McKeesport, Pa. Killed in auto accident at Hagerstown, Md., Oct. 19. Served in Ordnance Corps.
- ARTHUR HEDEGAARD**, Victor Post, Luck, Wis. D. Oct. 19, aged 29. Served with Co. C, 318th F. S. Bn.
- ANDREW S. JACOBSON**, Logan-Wheeler Post, Yakima, Wash. Accidentally killed, Oct. 3, aged 36. Lieut., 28th Inf.
- SANFORD JACOBSON**, Audie Johnson Post, East Tawas, Mich. D. Sept. 19, aged 32. Served with Co. F, 125th Inf.
- HENRY KNIGHT**, Disabled Veterans Post, New Haven, Conn. D. at U. S. Veterans Hospital, New Haven, Oct. 21, aged 33.
- JOHN H. KNUTH**, Carl F. Payson Post, Monroe, Mich. D. Nov. 4, aged 31. Served with Hospital Train No. 55.



75^M/_M

A Lamp that Can Never Be Made Again

There are now left only 21 gas, 39 oil, and 66 electric lamps. When those are gone no more will ever be available. While they last, orders will be filled as received.

This is a lamp so intertwined in history with the World War that to future generations it will be as cherished as a sword from Bunker Hill.

Noted the symmetrical architectural lines — see what a look of stately dignity it has compared with the merely "pretty" lamps you find in the average store. These are not merely lines of ART. Their very look of power and strength which lends such artistic beauty to the lamp also tells the story of the greatest single instrument of victory in the World War. For the shaft of each of these lamps is itself one of the heroic shells for the famous French-American "Seventy Fives"—the gallant "75" with which the Germans never did succeed in coping.

The shade was especially designed for the Victory Lamp by that great painter, Franklin Booth. The whole lamp is considered by artists as one of the greatest artistic achievements of recent years. It is particularly appropriate for the home of a World War veteran or for your Post's headquarters. Only a few lamps still left. No more can be made. Price about one-third the cost of lamps of this class in retail stores. Special price to Legion members or Posts. Write today for full particulars, sent free.

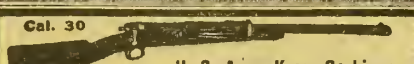
DECORATIVE ARTS LEAGUE
Dept. 1311, 505 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y.

EARN MONEY AT HOME

YOU can earn \$1 to \$2 an hour in your spare time writing show cards. No canvassing or soliciting. We instruct you by our new simple Directograph System, supply you with work and pay you cash each week. Write today for full particulars and free booklet.

WEST-ANGUS SHOW CARD SERVICE LIMITED
Authorized Capital \$1,250,000.00
180 Colborne Building, Toronto, Can.

Cal. 30



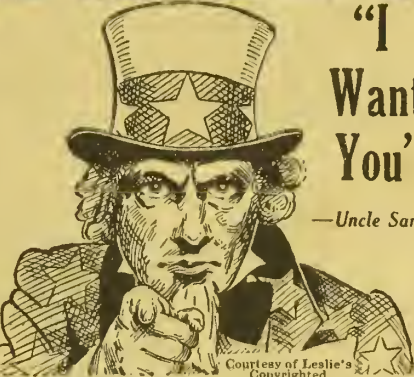
U. S. Army Krag Carabines

All Carabines have the new model 1898 stocks. The barrels, actions and parts are either new or have been relined by the Government and equal to new.

Krag Rifles.....	\$12.50	Krag Sporting Rifles.....	\$14.00
Calibre 45 Shot Guns.....	4.50	Calibre 45 Carabines.....	5.50

Send for Catalog

W. STOKES KIRK, 1627 E NORTH 10th ST., PHILA., PA



"I Want You"

—Uncle Sam

Courtesy of Leslie's Copyrighted

Become Railway Mail Clerks \$1600 to \$2300 Year

Every Ex-Service Man Should Mail Coupon Immediately

Steady Work No Layoffs Paid Vacations

Common education sufficient

Ex-Service Men get preference

Franklin Institute, Dept. T187 Rochester, N. Y.

Sirs: Send me, without charge, (1) Sample Railway Mail Clerk Examination questions and free sample coaching lessons; (2) List of many government jobs obtainable; (3) Tell me how I can get a position; (4) Send information regarding prefece to ex-service men.

Name.....

Address.....

THESE FIVE POPULAR MAGAZINES CLUBBED AT AMAZINGLY LOW PRICES UNTIL XMAS



Magazines Make Ideal Christmas Gifts

You can save money on the magazines you give for Christmas by ordering together in one Club the magazines you want for yourself and those you will give for Christmas.

Make out your list, and indicate the address to which you wish each magazine sent. The magazines in any Clubs can be sent to different addresses unless otherwise stated.

A handsome Christmas Gift Card, bearing your name, will be sent to the recipient, if you request it when sending your order.

WE offer you a chance to get your favorite magazines at greatly reduced prices. The publishers have agreed to accept orders for subscriptions from members of the Legion and the Auxiliary at these prices until Christmas only. Make your choice now.

Money Saving Club Offers

Cosmopolitan	\$3.00	Good Housekeeping	\$3.00
Good Housekeeping	3.00	Hearst's International	3.00
Send \$5.25. You Save \$0.75.		Send \$4.50. You Save \$1.50.	

Hearst's International	\$3.00	Good Housekeeping	\$3.00
Harper's Bazar	4.00	Harper's Bazar	4.00
Send \$5.75. You Save \$1.25.		Send \$5.75. You Save \$1.25.	

Cosmopolitan	\$3.00	Cosmopolitan	\$3.00
Harper's Bazar	4.00	Motor Boating	3.00
Send \$5.75. You Save \$1.25.		Send \$5.25. You Save \$0.75.	

COSMOPOLITAN

Cosmopolitan is America's greatest fiction magazine. During the coming year there will be eight best-selling novels, 125 or more short stories, and about 120 special features—humor, exotic and metropolitan sketches, intimate revelations of famous people, beautiful pictures, cartoons and poetry—all the work of the most entertaining people of today.
\$3.00 a year. Two years for \$4.50.

HEARST'S INTERNATIONAL

If you could read only one magazine a month Hearst's International should be that magazine; for it combines information with entertainment. It gives you thrilling fiction by the world's best writers and covers the globe in articles and special features by international authorities. It has humor and human interest. And its beautiful color illustrations are the work of famous painters and illustrators.
\$3.00 a year. Two years \$4.50.

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING

Good Housekeeping is the best adviser a woman can have in her kitchen, in decorating her home, doing her own housework or directing her servants, buying or making her clothes, bringing up her children and caring for the family health. For there are special departments in Good Housekeeping devoted to every phase of woman's activity. They help cut living expenses at least ten percent! And besides there is fiction for all the family.
\$3.00 a year. Two years for \$4.50.

HARPER'S BAZAR

Harper's Bazar is the de luxe fashion magazine. Baron de Meyer and the Paris Office send monthly news of Paris Society and the Fashion Houses, and the New York editors and artists report what the smart woman is wearing here. There is also brilliant fiction—portraits of stage and society women—fashionable homes—the Theater—everything of interest to the woman of means.
\$4.00 a year. Two years for \$6.00.

MOTOR BOATING

Motor Boating brings all the news of the sport—official racing reports, boat plans and building suggestions, radio news, cruising charts—and fiction.
\$3.00 a year.

Subscriptions May Be New, Renewals or Extensions

"SPECIAL PRICE" ORDER BLANK (MUST BE MAILED BEFORE XMAS)

The Legion Subscription Service, Dept. 6
627 West 43rd Street, New York, N. Y.

Enclosed find \$..... for the subscriptions listed on attached sheet as per your special offer.

Name of Magazines

Send Magazines To

Name.....

Local Address.....

Post Office and State.....

Note: Write the names of magazines wanted on a plain sheet of paper in form shown and send with this coupon.

Bursts and Duds

Payment is made for material for this department. Unavailable manuscript returned only when accompanied by stamped envelope. Address American Legion Weekly, Indianapolis, Ind.

All on Ice

Biggs: "Gonna make any New Year's resolutions?"
Jiggs: "Don't need any."
Biggs: "How come?"
Jiggs: "Haven't used the ones I made back in 1920 yet."

Love or Limousine: Take Your Choice

"... 80% of our men are married; 20% have cars; you have the same opportunity.—*Ad in Chicago Tribune.*

Love Letters

Dearest maiden, can't you C
That you suit me to a T?

In your smile I've found the Q
That must prompt my love for U.

If you won't be mine for A
All my life will soon DK.

But if you will promise, G!
You can't know how glad I'll B.

Dearest maiden, that is Y
You are wooed by such as I.
—*Vance C. Criss.*

Part Time Job

Kindly Old Party: "And whose little girl are you?"

Betty: "Thursday afternoons my mother's, and the rest of the time my nurse's."

Friends in Need

"Ladies and gentlemen of the jury," began the attorney for the defense, "can you look upon the prisoner's tear-stained face and not take pity on her?"

And all six of the ladies on the jury did take pity on her and offered her their cosmetics.

Not in His Class

The ocean liner was steaming slowly up the bay. Directly in its path drifted an old mud scow.

"Hey, down there!" bellowed an officer on the liner. "Get that old tub out of the way!"

The grizzled, weather-beaten ancient on the scow looked up.

"Be you the cap'n o' that there vessel?" he asked.

"No, I'm not; but what difference does that make?"

"Waal" — spitting contemptuously over the side—"I be cap'n o' this here craft, an' I speaks only to my equals."

Evening Up

Mrs. Smith, who had ordered a three-pound roast of beef, observed that the butcher was about to charge her for the entire order, although the scales registered only two and three-quarters pounds.

"Here," she remonstrated, "you can't charge me for the full three pounds."

"I know, mum," apologized the butcher, "but the weights inspector adjusted them scales this mornin', an' we got to make up for it some way."

In a Manner of Speaking

"Why do you put M. D. after your name?" asked the friend.

"Oh," replied the bootlegger who watered his stock. "I'm a doctor of medicine."

Welcome

St. Peter: "So you're a poet, eh? What act of kindness have you ever done in your line that makes you think I'll let you in?"

New Arrival: "Well, for one thing, I've never written a parody on 'Mary Had a Little La——'"

St. Peter: "That's enough, brother. Pick your harp."

How About the Phonograph and Bathtub?

[*Ad in Augusta (Ga.) Herald*]

Bargain: Combination bookcase, dining table, center table and baby carriage. Give-away at price asked. Phone 694-W.

For Art's Sake

He looked down at her coldly, almost mockingly. Her worshipful gaze left him unmoved. Not by the quiver of an eye did he betray that he even saw her. Slowly, timidly, she reached up a hand and touched his shoulder.

"Gee, Mayme," she whispered to her chum, "this is the best lookin' statue in the whole museum!"

As Apt As Anything

Joey, aged eight, was seeking information from Jimmy, ten.

"What's a flapper?" he asked.

"A flapper," replied Jimmy learnedly, "is a girl who dresses like a Girl Scout when she ain't."

Small Stuff

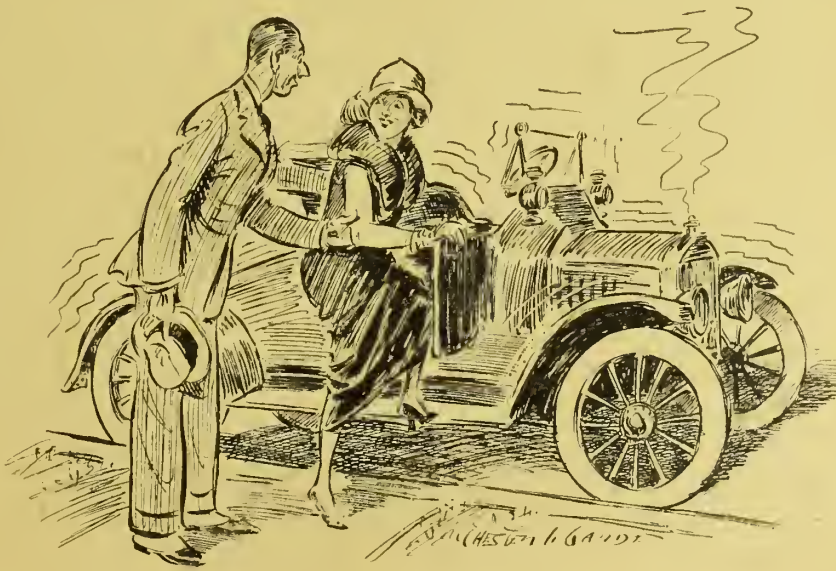
The chicken saw a pigeon's egg for the first time and eyed it curiously.

"It must be an egg, all right," she mused, "but it isn't like what mother used to make."

Out!

"May I come over to see you?" the baseball pitcher telephoned his girl. "I'm not playing today—gotta sore arm."

"Then why bother to come over?" she asked sweetly.



A Rattle for Baby

Warning

Terence met a friend, and extended a hand.

"Shake, old man."

"What's the matter now?" demanded the friend, suspiciously.

"I was just down to the doctor's office, an' he gives me a bottle of medicine which says: 'Shake Before Using.' So it's all up wid me, an' here's good-by to ye."

Magic

A pleasant sight on nearby lawn

We notice as we idly pass,
Suggesting dryads, woods and faun—
A sheep was in the grass.

We craved to see the sylvan scene

Once more, but now it made us weep.
You may surmise just what we mean—
The grass was in the sheep.

—*Thomas J. Murray.*

Wham!

"Pop," inquired little Willie, "why do floorwalkers always wear flowers in their buttonholes?"

"Because they won't stay in their hair," replied his father.

No Such a Animal

The Jarrs were having one of their regular family spats.

"You never want me to have the last word," accused Mrs. Jarr.

"Sure I do," retorted Jarr. "But you don't seem to realize there is such a thing."

Politics

Politics is the gay game

That lifts the hustler into fame
And sits him smiling on the top
To wait until the great big flop.

—*C. C. M.*

Suspicious

Caller: "Your children play so quietly."
Mother: "Excuse me a moment."

Fairness First

Mulcahey, the veteran traffic cop, was giving instructions to the new man who was to succeed him at his corner.

"'Tis this way," he explained. "Now suppose the main line an' the cross street is both clear, when along comes a spalpeen in a gas buggy. Make the divvle wait."

"How long?" queried the new man.

"That depends. Wait till ye see another feller comin' up the cross street. Now 'tis that ye stop him, an' wave to the first feller to pass on."

"But," expostulated the rookie, "if both the streets was clear in the first place, why not let the first man have the right of way at once?"

"Because," explained Mulcahey sagely. "'twould not be fair to make wan man do all the waitin'."

Jealousy

First Lady of Uncertain Years: "Officer, that man over there is trying to flirt with me."

Second L. of U. Y.: "No he isn't. He's trying to flirt with me."

First L. of U. Y.: "Why, the idea!"

Final Proof

Brown: "Do you think the dead can communicate with us?"

Black: "I know they can't. Once I managed to borrow a dollar from a Scotchman. A week later he died and I haven't heard a word since."

New York's Book Stores Brought to Your Door *by* **The LEGION BOOK SERVICE**

Our Christmas Book Bulletin is now ready for distribution to members of The American Legion, their families and friends. The Legion Book Service has compiled and reviewed in a manner that you will find both interesting and convenient in this Bulletin the best books of 1924.

Over 200 of year's best books to choose from

The Legion Book Service has scoured the bookstores of New York in their effort to give you such a varied list of offerings that you may be sure of finding gifts for persons of all ages and widely divergent tastes. In our Christmas Bulletin you will find adequately and interestingly described all the current offerings of the best liked novelists, elaborately illustrated gift volumes, story books for the youngsters, interesting volumes on religion, science and politics—in fact, books for all tastes, for all ages—and, of equal importance, for all purses.

Avoid Christmas bookstore crowds

Avoid last minute bookstore rushes and hasty selections from depleted Christmas stocks. By using the Legion Book Service you can make your selections at your leisure, you can compare carefully the merits of various titles, and finally you may choose just the right Book for each recipient.

You will find it fascinating to run through the profusely illustrated and interesting

pages of our Christmas Bulletin. Check your selections as you turn the pages and send us a list of the books desired on convenient order forms we furnish. Titles not catalogued that you desire can also be obtained for you without delay. Ours is a complete "Book Service."

Sign and mail the coupon to-day, now, for your free copy of this interesting Bulletin.

The Legion Book Service
627 West 43d Street, Dept. C, New York, N. Y.



**MAIL
NOW**

COUPON

Legion Book Service,
Department C,
627 West 43d Street,
New York, N. Y.

Without any obligation on my part you may mail me your illustrated Christmas Book Bulletin of the best books of 1924.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

OWNED and OPERATED by The AMERICAN LEGION